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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE INDIAN CAMPING GROUND.

The next morning the party drove out to the Indian camping ground. The spot which had been selected by the Indians was most enchanting. By meadows and fields of late grain, rolling in glittering waves down the slopes of the hills, through patches of dark woods the party drove, and ascending at last a gentle eminence, stopped upon a long reach of table-land, where now and then one giant-oak spread its broad foliage, sprinkled with the colors of the rainbow. The cloudless blue of an Indian-summer tinged the whole heavens, and even the tents, ragged and worn as they were, at a little distance looked white and glittering. Groups of Indians sat in the doors of their rude habitations, engaged some in mending their hunting implements, some lazily sunning themselves, and many of the women making their interminable head-work. They hardly stirred as the party alighted and came towards them. The chief's tent was the largest, resting at the back upon small stakes, and lifted in front by tall poles that gave it the appearance of a gable roof. The boughs of the neighboring wood had been ruffled of their fresh, piny garments, and limbs of the evergreen lay from the ridge-pole, hanging over to the ground behind. The pine leaves strewn in front and within, on the mossy floor, gave an agreeable odor to the atmosphere, though it was somewhat tainted by mingling with the smoke of the pipe. Leoline, agitated, trembling in every limb, looked eagerly about to find some token of her mother's presence. Park, through his in-attention, obtained an entrance into the tent of the chief for the whole company. A mellow light, checkered by the fine foliage of the primitive thicket, was shed all through the interior. A bed of fine boughs, over which was thrown a blanket, rested the chief, an athletic man of middle age and of commanding presence. His hair, an intelligent looking woman, was leaning Indian corn in a rough woven tray, obeying the simple gesture of her lord, she laid aside her work, and filling his pipe, lighted and presented it to him. With a gravity becoming his state, he held out the pipe to Park, who put it to his lips, then to the Quaker, then to Mrs. Dinmore, and finally to Leoline, whom he seemed to look with as much admiration as an Indian allows himself to ex-press. She, with shaking hand and a trembling lip, touched the mouth-piece, and handed it back to him. Then ensued a long silence, which the chief continued smoking, still with eyes fixed on Leoline's face. The quietude almost unendurable, and Leoline, by frowning glances, urged first the Quaker, and then Park, to begin the conference. Both, however, knew the etiquette of the tribe too well to break the silence, and at last, blowing smoke slowly upwards, the chief ex-claimed, in broken English,

"Me glad to see you."
"On this, Park drew from his pocket two strings of gaudily colored beads, each with a handsome trinket suspended, and laid them at the chief's side. The latter took them up with mutual expression of savage pleasure, and bowed his delight rapidly toward each.

"Let us go round to the other tents," said Leoline, faintly, "I cannot bear this suspense."

"The young pale-face is looking for a strange man, who she thought might be here with her people; do you know if the Indian medicine-man is here with the Mohawks?" asked Park, on a hint from the Quaker, who stiff and unyielding, his broad-brimmed shading his face, his hands folded over his knees.

"The chief inclined his head and sat for some moments in an attitude of thoughtfulness, then rising himself slowly, he asked,

"She Delaware Indian?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Leoline, betraying her anxiety by the deepening color in her cheek and in her eye,—"is she here?"

"Delaware and Mohawk sometimes friends," said the chief; "Delaware hold head very high, Mohawk be higher," he added with dignity.

"Park produced another string of beads, saying he did so.

"Will you try to remember if the strange medicine-man has been here, or is here?"

"Yes, yes," said the chief, holding the beads up to admire their varied colors, "she high, tall—tell dreams—tell hot or cold—wet or dry."

"That was she," murmured Leoline, growing pale again.

"Where is she now?" inquired Park, earnestly.

"Gone again," replied the chief, stolidly.

"Which way," persisted Park, "further on, back to Philadelphia?"

"Back, back," repeated the Indian, waving his hand impressively. "She get plenty medicine to cure the pale-faces; she great woman."

"could gather nothing more from this

conference—and sick at heart, Leoline arose, and they all went out together. Curious groups had gathered near the chief's tent, and were clamorous to sell their bows and arrows, their moccasins, bags and baskets. Park offered a pretty bag to his mother.

"I have only six at home," she said, laughing. "Oh! well, you can give them away, mother," responded Park, piling in a pair of gay moccasins, two baskets, and taking for himself a handsome bow and sheath. As he purchased one thing after another, the Indian women grew more clamorous for him to buy, and one of them, a roguish looking creature, with soft, black locks and fine eyes, came out of a low tent, holding her child, all tricked out with feathers and colors, and showing her white teeth as she laughingly cried,

"Buy, buy, pickaninny!—he worth big silver!" and then straining the little creature to her bosom, she shook her head in a pretty, doubtful manner, as much as to say, "I was only in jest; I wouldn't sell my baby."

Eagerly scanning every dusky feature, Leoline stood sorrowful and silent. She had felt a strange conviction that she should meet her mother among this tribe, but faith and hope died out in her bosom, and she said, sadly,

"I will go back to the city, and give up the search."

"Yes, for if Providence intends that thee shall find thy mother, thee will certainly do so," said the Quaker, "in His own good time. It might not do either thee or her good, if thee met now. Thee must put thy faith in God."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARY ARRIVES IN TOWN.

A year and six months had passed by. Le Vaugn, since the death of his wife, had eschewed all society, confining himself chiefly to his editorial duties. He was now an altered man. Severe thought and mental and moral discipline had made him, to all appearance, austere and reclusive. Silver hairs had begun to sprinkle in among his heavy, dark locks; the sockets of his eyes had widened and deepened, and his eyes seemed darker and heavier than in the years of his youth. He was alone in his great house, with Martha installed as house-keeper, a few under-servants, and Nick, who already began to show talents of no mean order. To Martha, with her neat, dark gown and plain cap, Nick looked up with becoming reverence. She had taught him his prayers, improved his habits, and kept a constant and anxious watch over all his actions. His little room was next to hers, and she almost felt a motherly love, that developed itself in a thousand ways, and gave her a beauty, in the eyes of the boy, both moral and personal, that time might never efface. The little fellow had long had the benefit of the first teachers, and since Le Vaugn's cousins—who had teased him beyond the strength of his good nature to endure—had married, and gone to homes of their own, he had made rapid progress to the utmost satisfaction of his instructors and his foster-father, who loved him with the intensity of a desolate heart, doubly ruffled of all that had made life dear.

"Well, I'm sure, it does begin to look like old times," said Martha, walking to and fro through the rich parlors, after the servants had dusted and arranged them, and thrown open the heavy shutters, letting the sun-light fall like a flood of glory over the room; "bless her dear heart," she added, pausing before a portrait of the dead wife, "her picture as well as herself has been shut up in gloom and darkness; I'll take the crape off, though, it looks so out of place here, and dear knows there's no need of mourning for the sweet saint." So saying, she was just reaching up her hands to untie a knot whose loose ends floated against the smooth walls with a dreary motion, when a loud whoop and hurrah startled her so, that she let the frame swing back heavily.

"Hurrah! I say Martha, here she is; here's our Mary! I found her out in the street, hurrah!" and he pulled the stout lass into the parlor, where she stood dumb with astonishment.

"I really hope, ma'am," she found voice to say at last, with a crisp courtesy. "I really hope I haven't intruded, but I see Nick in the streets, and I couldn't help hollerin' to him, to save my life; and as he knew me just as fast as I knew him, why, we joined hands, as the ministers say at a wedding, and he brought me here. Well—laws sakes! this is what I call living in style."

"Suppose we go down stairs, George Henry," said the good Martha, summoning all the dignity her authority might warrant; she was fearful that Le Vaugn would return and object to his son's practical democracy.

"George Henry!" said Martha, slowly, drinking in every word; "then, that's his name, is it? Laws! if I didn't know, I should call him Nick, certain; I don't believe but he's turned wrong side out."



APPEARANCE OF MOTHER KURSTEGAN.

At that moment a footstep sounded in the hall; and the next, Le Vaugn stood inside the parlor.

"Ah! how are you?" he said lightly to Martha, collecting her face.

"Putty well," returned Martha, "how are you? I've been in the city a week, trying to live out, but I can't find anybody that suits me. I stay with a second cousin of Job's—you know brother Job; his wife and baby was so everlastingly cross that I couldn't stan it; so as Jake had got a good place here in the city, I thought I'd come and see something of the world. You know 'tisa 'cause I need to hire out, for both Jake and me has got money against our wedding—that is, you know, seeing that I should ever think well enough of him. But I can't find anybody that suits me, as I said. I'm very particular; for I never hired out, and don't exactly need to, 'cause I've got money laid up. Still, if I could find a good place, where the people would suit—"

"Martha, isn't dinner ready?" asked Le Vaugn, unconsciously taking out his watch, and shutting the damper upon poor Mary's tongue. "You can go with my housekeeper, my good girl," he added, turning to Mary; "perhaps she will be glad of your services to-night."

That night there was to be a party at Le Vaugn's house. Up to this time, as we have said, he had, since his wife's demise, eschewed all society; but at the request of a friend who had formed an association intended to combine friendly relaxation and literary amusement, he had consented to open his parlors that evening for their occupancy.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONVERSATION AT LE VAUGN'S.

Le Vaugn at first decided to seclude himself in his own room, but as evening drew near, and the tall candles were lighted in the hall, and through all the rooms, his resolution gave way before the cheerful glow, and he stood in his parlor receiving his guests as they came. Mrs. Dinmore, who happened to be in town, and Park, arrived first, accompanied by Van Alstyne, and Mrs. Swan, the Quaker's forewoman, looking as pure, as sweet, and placid as ever. As she entered, her eye roved round the room, and fastened at last upon Nick, who sat on a low seat, his bright face shining with contentment, his hair hanging and clustering in curls, and his soft, dark eyes luminous with anticipation. As the hour advanced, the parlors began to sparkle and glow with life. Many of the most eminent men of the city were present, all the celebrities in literature; lawyers, doctors, merchants of high standing, women of learning and intelligence. The busy hum of conversation grew deeper and sturdier; but through all the cheer, and mirth, and happiness, the Quaker's forewoman stood self-possessed, calm, and pale, generally gazing towards the boy with an expression no pen can depict. Once he stood by her side, and she, with a trembling pressure, laid her hand on his head, and then with a shudder, glanced at Le Vaugn, while an expression of horror crossed her white face.

"You will excuse us, I am sure, for bringing our little girl," said a sweet voice, and Le Vaugn, turning, met the wife of Dr. Angell, who held by the hand a slightly-framed and beautiful creature, whose face was as spiritual as an angel's.

"She has such an aversion to staying alone," said Mrs. Angell, half aside, and so strangely sensitive and imaginative that we never leave her, so, as doctor expressed a strong desire that I should come this evening, I ventured to break in upon the rules and bring a friend a little under twenty," she added, laughing.

"Dear child," said Le Vaugn, gazing into the sweet face upturned to his, and then stooping to hide some emotion that he did not wish to be seen, he kissed the white forehead, and taking the small hands in both of his, pressed them fervently, bit his lip, that in spite of his self-possession trembled violently, and turned away for a moment. As he turned, he met the glance of the Quaker's forewoman, and it

fascinated him like the gaze of a serpent. He shuddered, and yet he felt impelled to look again, but as he essayed to do so, the woman moved away and mingled with the throng.

Chip and Nick sat side by side, little conscious of the way in which their interests were woven with members of that brilliant company; she gazing about with an expression half of pleasure and half of pain, and he gazing at her, forming an interesting picture of miniature manhood and womanhood. Sometimes he would lay his hand cautiously on her hand, and then, as their glances met, a glad smile broke over his face, to which she faintly responded. The boy could not, no one could recognize in this spiritual creature, the white, half-finished, neglected Chip of the hill-cave. Her eyes were no longer the fearful glitter that once made their beauty so wild. They had deepened and grown darker in color, till they were nearer a rich hazel than a blue. Quick as the leap of the throbbing pulse the rich color mounted to her delicately-tinted cheek at sight of any new object of interest, and as quickly receded. She was new to the world, fresh almost as a creation recently inspired with the breath of life.

"What's all this contention about?" asked Le Vaugn, moving towards several persons, in the midst of whom were Park Dinmore, whose face was violently flushed, and his friend the young professor, standing leaning against the wall, a quiet smile on his lip and an absent expression in his glance.

"Why, we have come in possession, in some unaccountable manner, of an antique manuscript, dated back to yesterday," said Doctor Angell, holding a copy of verses up triumphantly. "I propose to read them for the benefit of imaginative mortals like myself, but this young gentleman (pointing to Park) protests in such a way that we are inclined to think he at least knows the authorship, ancient as it is. Now, I propose to take the minds of the company assembled; ladies and gentlemen, is it your mind that this ancient manuscript, dated yesterday, shall be read, the author *admits* *romance*. The eyes have it!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, and thus he read:

"THE MOTHER—THE CHILD—AND THE ACORN."

"Singing by her cottage door,
Sat a youthful mother;
Spinning wheel her feet before,
Babe half-dreaming on the floor,
She looked through the open door,
Far to the sea and the sand-white shore,
Where purple waves like Nereids leaping,
Purpled hills in distance sleeping,
Slender mast and snowy sail,
Shimmered through the golden veil
That the sun, 'twist day and even,
Softly threw o'er earth and heaven.

There the youthful mother,
Musing, thought on fairy lore,
As the cherub on the floor,
Almost dreaming, smiled;
While its curled fingers prest
Crimson coral on its breast,
And the lily robe, unstrung,
From its dimpled shoulders hung.
Bending o'er the child,
Thus she sang while I drew near her,
Silently, to see and hear her,
Dreaming nothing could be dearer
Than that babe;

Than that treasure by the door,
Sleeping on the cottage floor.

"Gather quickly, gather lightly
Acorns from the stateliest tree;
One I'll plant, and watch it lightly,
For, my babe, it likens thee;
With the tree,
So fair and free,
Thou shalt grow, boy, with the tree.

"In the warm and nursing earth,
See! I place it, robed in mould;
So, like thee, 'twill have its birth,
And, like thee, grow old;
Lo! the tender leaves,
Tipped with shining crests,
With a modest fear,
Peeping from their nests;
So, my lightsome boy, with thee
May each new-born heart be
Tempered with humility;
Thou art growing with the tree,
With the tree,
Fair and free,
Thou art growing with the tree.

"Lullaby, on hill and plain
Cometh down the rain;

mently, under his breath, "I'd give everything I possess for a child like that!" and a heavy sigh attested to the sincerity of his remark.

And still the doctor, not noticing the little one, continued:

"Lo! the stem, dark and green,
Draped by its leafy shawl,
Lifts the shining foliage high,
Yet, all sheltered, shuns the eye;
So, child, let simplicity
Shield and sword and buckler be;
Never let thy right hand may bestow,
Fair and free,
Thy spirit be,
Upward springing like the tree.

"Higher soaring, birds are pouring
Music from its fresh young boughs;
And its shade, o'er the glade,
Cools the weary woodman's brows;
So let the shadows of thy love
Fall upon the lone and poor;
So let singing in thy heart,
Make its every inmate pure;
Freely give, if given much,
Never let the world's cold touch
Steel thy soul, and harden thee;
Thou art growing with the tree,
With the tree,
Fair and free,
Thou art growing with the tree.

"Every morn and eve from heaven
Are the lighted pearl-drops given,
And the leaves drink in the dew,
Gathering strength and beauty new;
Like the tree
May'st thou be
Drinking wisdom, silently,
From the Christ, thy holy brother;
In, above, below, beside thee,
May the risen Master guide thee,
With thy mother,
To the gloom
Of the tomb,

And beyond, where new immortals
Enter heaven's holy portals;
There may we
By the tree
Spreading o'er the crystal river,
Live forever and forever."

And the youthful mother
Ceased her song with smile and sigh,
Kissed her babe on lip and eye,
Folded it unto her breast,
Sealed her cot and sought her rest.

"Why! my little daughter!" said the doctor fondly, as the child shrank back towards him. "Ah, she's an enthusiast, and a good judge of poetry, too, let me tell you." Park, for the first time, turned his attention to the little girl, and as he gazed in her soft, expressive eyes, a spark of celestial fire seemed to fly from her soul into his; young, slight, fragile as the beautiful creature was, from that moment he loved her.

The evening had waned an hour, when an unusual stir and excitement became visible among the guests. Van Alstyne, who had wandered about with aimless look, or lounged an uninterested spectator, suddenly, with face all aglow, started from the low seat which he had for the last few moments occupied, and leaving his pupil's childish question unanswered, crossed the room, striving hard to control his excitement as he went.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LEOLINE'S ADVENT INTO SOCIETY.

"The Quaker's protegee," murmured one and another as a commanding woman entered, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Dinmore. The whisper reached Le Vaugn, who was deep in a controversy on tides with a very learned clergyman; he also directed his gaze towards the new comer, and with the exclamation of "good heavens! it is she," leaned heavily back in his chair, while his face took on a ghastly paleness frightful to behold. He seemed rooted to the spot, while Mrs. Dinmore presented the new arrival to one and another; his knees almost refused to bear his weight; he groaned audibly as she came nearer and nearer to himself, when of a sudden she paused, retraced her steps, and stood in quiet converse with Park Dinmore. At length he commanded himself sufficiently to ask, "who is she?" with apparent unconcern.

"I am not yet able to learn her name," replied one of the company.

"She was introduced uniquely," remarked another, "as a friend of mine, Miss —, I really couldn't get the name. She is quite a curiosity, I believe—nobody knows her except the Dinsmores, and, I should imagine, Van Alstyne."

A clear, sweet and powerful voice rang through the room. It was Leoline singing. Le Vaugn, with his head bent over and leaning on his hand, let the heavy tear-drops fall one by one, until, with a mighty effort, he pressed them back and forced himself to be calm. Van Alstyne stood near the performer. There was no mistaking his adoring look, nor the signs of anguish that accompanied it. Exiled as he felt himself forever from Leoline, Le Vaugn could not resist a pang of jealousy that wounded his heart as he observed Van Alstyne's manner.

"How ardently and how truly I might love her now," he thought, "and how happy I might make her. At least it is worth the trial."

Mrs. Dinmore and Leoline soon after retired into a private dressing-room, kindly furnished them by the good Martha. Leoline sat in a dejected attitude, while her friend seemed striving to comfort her.

"No, no, my dear, kind madam," exclaimed Leoline in tones of deep anguish, "I cannot, I cannot consent to this again. It has been the extremest torture to meet the public gaze of even those who were here to-night. I never will be seen again as Leoline except in my own home; I am satisfied that I shall never be happy in society. Let me go back to my gray gown; let me be the respected forewoman of Quaker John's establishment; I will ask nothing more. I shall never return to the world in this guise—you are not to blame," she added, seeing tears of distress in the eyes of Mrs. Dinmore, "you, my kindest, dearest friend, next to those who have saved me from despair, you did it for the best; I wish the result had been otherwise, I most sincerely wish it; but—oh! why was this cross laid upon me?" she cried out in the anguish of her heart, giving way to tears.

Mrs. Dinmore was silent; what could she say to alleviate so violent a sorrow.

After a few moments Leoline lifted her head, wiped her eyes, and saying mournfully, "There is but one more heavy, heavy duty before me in this world," she proceeded to change her attire, while Mrs. Dinmore quietly assisted her. "Leoline, I must speak now," replied Mrs. Dinmore; "pardon me, but you do not mean to refuse poor Van Alstyne? Leoline, do not throw your happiness away so lightly—Leoline! do not sin against yourself and him."

The face of the young woman wore an expression of utter woe, and she gasped as she exclaimed,

"You do not know my nature—you do not, you cannot know my motives—I must tell him the whole truth or none."

"My poor child! this is only a morbid sensitiveness. Surely, you are not answerable for the sins of another. You never can measure the depths of Van Alstyne's affection for you. Oh! if my Park loved as purely, tenderly and devotedly as Van Alstyne loves you, I would go down on my knees to the poorest and the lowliest—aye! if he loved a beggar so, I would, heaven is my witness."

Leoline still trembled and sobbed.

"He will overlook, forget every thing," continued Mrs. Dinmore; "forgive he cannot, for he has nothing to forgive; say Leoline that you will not at least absolutely refuse to listen to him."

"I cannot," said Leoline, more calmly, "I have decided."

She shook with suppressed emotion from head to foot, so that her friend almost, begged her to be calmer, adding, "I will say nothing more, dear Leoline, but leave you to the dictates of your own conscience—don't tremble so; the evenings' excitement has been too much for you. There—now let me arrange your hair—how did you ever learn to be accustomed to this habit? the transformation is complete."

"Do you think it then so difficult to assume?" asked Leoline. "My heart is older than my years, and under this disguise performs its mission best towards the young and inexperienced, who look up to me as their guide and preceptor. And now that I have done with all experiments, let me return to my own solitary home, and with my books and music, sweet solace that have power to work no evil, spend the rest of my life."

"Why have you taken so much pains to instruct yourself in all the accomplishments of the age?"

"Because they give me so much comfort and power," said Leoline, and her cheeks crimsoned as she met the earnest gaze of her friend. "Hereafter," she added, "I shall pursue them alone."

Mrs. Dinmore sighed. "Poor Van Alstyne," she thought, "my heart aches for him."

"Come," she said aloud, as cloaked and hooded they both heard the rap of the good Martha, announcing Park's readiness to accompany them, "the carriage is waiting."

A muffled figure stood at the door of the coach, as Leoline saw by the coach lamp; it was Van Alstyne. He handed her in, unconscious of her disguise, and pressed her hand as he did so, springing immediately beside her. The door was shut, and they were slowly driven on.

"Where is Mrs. Dinmore?" asked Leoline, in a low voice; "I thought she was to ride with us."

"No, Park made some other arrangement," replied Van Alstyne; "and I felt," he added rapidly, after a tremendous pause, "that I must unburden my soul to you this very night. Leoline—"

"Mrs. Swan, if you please," said the low,

calm voice, though the whole figure had shrunk back, and rested throbbing against the side of the coach, dreading yet longing to hear the dear words that she would prevent—loving almost to adoration, yet abandoned to despair.

"Leoline—I beg your pardon—still—could I be so mistaken?"

"Perhaps you do not yet understand," said Leoline, in a low, cold voice, holding every emotion in check as she spoke—"Mrs. Swan, the forewoman of John Lake's straw shop," she repeated, in an explanatory manner. "Had you not better return?"

"No, no; pardon me," he said, drawing yet half checking a heavy sigh; "I observed that you were at the assembly, in the early part of the evening," he added, endeavoring to assume a more cheerful voice; "but Miss Leoline—the young lady, I mean, for whom I addressed you, certainly came with Mrs. Dinsmore. It was really very awkward of me not to perceive—she is a pupil of mine," stammered Van Alstyne, remembering the passionate character of his attempted address.

"I am aware of that," said the cold voice. "You are; then I presume you know the young lady?"

"I am acquainted with her," was the reply. "Indeed! Do you understand why she excludes herself from the world as she does? Has she parents? Is she a relative of friend Lake's?" I have been told so."

"I cannot answer your questions," said the voice, now slightly tremulous. "Well, she is a wonder. You heard her sing to-night? Was not that a voice to be proud of? Ah, she is an angel!"

With what secret rapture did Leoline drink in these words, conveying as they did a greater depth and meaning than he intended for the forewoman's passionless ear! and still came the chilling thought, "ah! if he knew would he speak thus?" and the habitual distrust which she had nursed so many years, came weighing down her heart like a cold stone. The coachman now stopped to inquire where he should leave the lady.

"At friend Lake's garden gate," said Leoline, "I have the key and can let myself in."

The pale March moon threw a clear, vivid lustre over the still ranks of the streets, and the tall houses loomed up like specters in the silver light. The leafless trees, unbudged yet, set their pencilled boughs against the white walls that trembled with shadows; the snow had been melting all day, and the soft trickle of the water running down the streets, could be distinctly heard. Van Alstyne accompanied the forewoman to the Quaker's garden gate, saw her turn the key, both bade farewell, and he returned to his carriage. Leoline, as she locked the gate on the inside, moved hastily up the yard, and turning to the right came to an arched passage. Going through this she found herself in the rear of the old house in which nearly a century before, tradition said, a family by the name of Hants were murdered in cold blood. It was a dark, brick mansion, its windows covered with large gray blinds, and corniced each with heavy stucco-work. It wore a desolate look, except that through the three glass-panes over the door leading into the lumber and rubbish-filled yard, shone a small but cheerful light. Entering this door, Leoline looked it again, and taking the little lamp from the floor, moved along the wide, carpetless hall over which the beams were curved, ascended the first flight of stairs, and entered her own room, in the fireplace of which a few brands yet smouldered. There she sat down, dejected and spiritless, even with the sweet words to which she had listened, still echoing in her ears. "He does love me," she murmured, "loves me for myself alone; and yet I must pain this great, good, noble heart with a refusal, and live over on the sweet remembrance of his affection."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN EXPECTED REVELATION.

The evening after the literary meeting took place at Mr. Le Vaug's, Leoline received a letter. It was nearly dark before she left the shop, and quite candle-light when she had doffed her daily costume, and sat down to her simple supper. The massive which she had received at the hands of a boy whom she knew to be connected with Le Vaug's office, she seemed in no haste to open; and it was not till the table was cleared, and she had brushed the shining hearth, that she broke the seal and began to read the four pages of closely written letter-paper. It was from Le Vaug, pouring out his soul in contrition; acknowledging his sin, and praying for her forgiveness, and offering as the only reparation in his power, his heart, hand and fortune, if she would but consent to accept them after so many years of sorrow and penitence. Over one sentence which scalded tears she shed—"Our child is with me; I have taken him to my home and my heart, to educate, to treat in all respects as a son, to be my heir—to fill the place of my own lost child, and unless you forbid it, I shall retain him. You never knew that he lived, for, for your sake as well as my own, I caused him to be conveyed from you at birth, and through a series of strange vicissitudes he was brought at last to my notice, nearly two years ago, while I was travelling in search of my own lost little girl."

Leoline read with a fierce calmness, and then, only saying, "Does he think he can purchase happiness with me?" she placed the letter on the coals, and watched it till it curled and crisped and turned to ashes. She did not speak nor move nor sigh; she looked straight into the fire—it might not have been conscious—only so—her lips rigidly compressed, her eyes strained and bloodshot, and her cheeks colorless. A sound of footsteps was heard; she mechanically arose, unlocked her door, threw it open, and with the same unnatural composure met and welcomed Van Alstyne. A faint gleam might have rippled over her face once; but he was in the dark entry, and did not see it. He came in and sat down. The fire-glow flickered over the wall as it was wont; a volume in Spanish lay open at the last lesson, pencil-marked. A sheet of new music stood upright on the edge of the little old piano. Pens, ink and paper were all ready—everything was right, exact, and proper, save Leoline, with her bloodless face and constrained manner. A subtle gloom fell over Van Alstyne;

it seemed to emanate from her presence. He studied the tiles on the chimney front; he gazed long and vaguely at a sombre-tinted picture hanging against the old wall. All was silent, cold, dark; there seemed to be vitality neither in himself, Leoline, nor the surroundings.

"What did you think of the assembly?" he asked, at length, leaning back, as he lifted the Spanish grammar in his right hand.

"I scarcely know," replied Leoline.

"Shall we commence where we left off?"

"I cannot stop," said Leoline, coldly; then, as if gathering up strength to say something not altogether agreeable, she added, rising as she spoke, "Mr. Van Alstyne, I shall not require your tuition after this evening."

Had he heard aright? he looked at her as one stunned; as if a blow had been dealt him. "Miss Leoline, what have I done to displease you?"

"Nothing—oh! believe me, nothing—it is—for my peace, she would have added, but she checked herself.

"Miss Leoline, this is sudden—have you thought of taking this step previous to to-night?" he asked, knowing scarcely what he said.

She did not answer, but sank into her seat, incapable of speech.

"Before I go," said Van Alstyne, stooping a little, as if a burden had been suddenly put upon him, while his mild eye grew humid, and his hair hung damp across his pale, fair forehead, "before I go, permit me to say, in as few words as possible, that I love you. My confession has been brief and honest; give me as brief and as honest an answer, and if it is not favorable, I will—bear my fate."

How she trembled! One moment relenting, the next falling back upon her strong resolve; one moment longing to look up in his face, and lay her hand in his; the next denying even this small indulgence, lest her resolution should give way, and she waver in her mistaken sense of duty.

"Leoline, does this silence imply that I must leave you?" asked Van Alstyne, at last; and had she turned to him then, she must have relented at sight of the mo in his eyes.

"No—yes, yes! leave me, forget me!—go! I can be nothing to you—oh, do not add to the anguish that was before greater than I could bear! My kind teacher, my faithful friend, leave me, and forever! we must never meet again!" she cried, with shaking voice and face averted. "Do not ask me why," she added, as he involuntarily moved towards her, "only go, only forget me!" and the words were lost in sobs.

Van Alstyne stood irresolute, distressed, unable to interpret the vehemence of her manner. The words that had been thronging to his lips remained unspoken; but he did speak at last, and his voice was dry and husky, as he said, "This, then, must be a final interview?"

"It must," echoed Leoline, still without moving or looking towards him.

"Then, farewell!" he said, and the words sounded as if they came from a sepulchre—"give me your hand, as a token that I am not altogether unwelcome to you."

Oh! could he have seen the wild, leaping, throbbing pulsation of the poor heart so fiercely tried! But he could not. The hand he took was icy cold; and with an Indian stoicism Leoline held her eyes veiled, nor once looked up in the face that had been and still was dearer than the very light of day to her vision. Dizzy, sick and bewildered, Van Alstyne turned away. His temples burned, his step was unsteady, coils of fire seemed heaped upon his heart. Wearily he found his way to the door, groped down the dim staircase alone, for Leoline sat in a stupor where she had sank when he left her, and emerged into the street. It was a cold, wet night. The gusty wind rattled the signs, and blew a fine, cutting rain in his face; there was alet upon the sidewalk—an inky blackness overhead, the lamps burned dimly here and there; black spectres, with umbrellas lifted, glided along in the muffled gloom, picking their cautious way with a strange, sprit-like motion, and wherever the sound of mirth or melody floated from some central group of home and happiness, it sounded as discordant as laughter at a funeral.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH CHIP IS RECOGNIZED BY THE INDIAN.

Unconscious whether or how far his rapid steps carried him, Van Alstyne moved unthinkingly on. How he came there he knew not, but suddenly he found himself in front of the handsome mansion occupied by Doctor Angell, and the impulse of a reckless mood urged him to enter. It was a scene of surpassing comfort that the opened door presented. Several wax candles, set in high, antique candlesticks, shed a soft, bright and agreeable radiance over the room. The warm, rich colors of the carpet, the beautiful tinting of the walls, embellished with superb landscapes, the leaping flames reflected on the high-polished brass fender and andirons, and in the long mirrors on the opposite side of the room, conspired to make a delightful home interior.

Park Dinsmore was the first to spring from his seat and welcome Van Alstyne. Mrs. Angell and a maid sister, with Mrs. Dinsmore and Chip, who had been sitting by Park's side on the sofa, were the other inmates of this pleasant parlor. The doctor was absent on his professional visits, but Mrs. Angell hoped would soon be in.

The keen eye of Mrs. Dinsmore penetrated even to Van Alstyne's most secret thought. He felt that she divined the cause of his dejection, and he tried to put on an air of gaiety that sat illly upon his pale face, and contrasted painfully with the abstraction that every little while betrayed his laboring sorrow. Park was too much engaged with the charming child at his side to give much attention to his friend.

"Oh! she's the greatest little wonder alive," he exclaimed, aside to the latter; "I'm just fascinated with her. Van Alstyne," he added, a few moments afterward, with great seriousness, "I'm going to make her my wife."

"Nonsense!" said the professor, his cheek flushing and paling—"that child!"

"Yes, that child! Why not? By and by she'll not be a child. I tell you it's been revealed to me, and as sure as she lives and I live, I'll marry her."

Van Alstyne smiled, or tried to smile in his friend's face.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Angell, speaking quickly.

A red face was thrust in at the open door, and holding it still ajar, the girl who stood there said,

"Indeed, Mrs. Angell, there's the quarest old man come to sell herbs out in the kitchen, and he's dressed in the quarest sort of way, and he sees, 'mayn't he see the lady, and sing a song for her?' so I come to see."

Park burst into a hearty laugh, while the doctor's wife said,

"I don't know as I care about seeing him."

"Oh! Mrs. Angell, do let the man come in," said Park; "I dote on fortune-tellers, and, he's, 'mayn't he see the lady, and sing a song for her?' so I come to see."

"Let him come in if he is any way decent," said Mrs. Angell, and away went the maid.

Presently a tall, dark, bony, slender old man entered, with a woman's cloak hanging from his shoulders, under which might be seen a dingy coat and breeches. A long red neckcloth hung in voluminous folds from his neck almost to his knees; a slouched hat covered his head, under which stood out a mass of short, straight black locks; in his right hand he carried a cane, in his left a bundle. He bowed low to Mrs. Angell, bowed to each one of the rest, and cast a long, lingering glance upon Chip, who, with a childish fear, clung to her protector.

Park started, and exchanged a glance of intelligence with Van Alstyne, as the piercing black eye of the stranger rested upon him. Van Alstyne looked long and curiously at the straight form of the apparently aged man—but when the latter said, turning to Mrs. Angell,

"Shall I sing for you, lady? I have some little songs I sing for people who buy my herbs," he nodded his head to Park, and for a moment his sadness was merged in curiosity.

"Shall I sing, or shall I tell a story? I tell stories, too, to amuse the ladies and gentlemen—yes, I'll tell you a story:

"Once," continued the old beggar, in low, intense tones, "a man found a little bird. It was a poor little bird, all black and claws, without any feathers—a very ugly-looking bird. The man took the bird to his house—the poor little bird, all black and claws—and he got a beautiful cage for it, a golden cage, and he put it where the sunlight came in on it, and he fed it with sugar, so that the poor little bird began to pick up. Little by little the feathers came and the flesh grew, and the color made the wings bright, and the bird began to sing and hop. Every day it grew lovelier and lovelier, till it was the handsomest bird that ever was seen; and the man who found it wouldn't take—no, not thousands of dollars for it. But one day there came an eagle with a black feather in his wings, and when he saw this beautiful bird, he wanted it; and he watched a time—he watched—his time," continued the stranger, his voice growing lower and deeper, "and one day he came with a great swoop, and caught the bird, and tore it all to pieces."

As he said this, the stranger turned, and, pointing to Chip, from whose delicate face all color had fled, cried, holding out his shaking, skinny fingers at the child:

"Look out for the bird—the eagle is coming!"

One quick, piercing shriek filled the room; the sensitive child lay in a death-like swoon, and as Mrs. Angell rushed towards her, with the rest, the stranger left the room.

Pale as a white lily, the poor little girl lay in her protector's arms, while Park knelt beside her, applying restoratives to the nostrils, and pushed the masses of beautiful hair back from her brow. Slowly returning to consciousness, at last, Chip lifted her head and gazed about wildly, crying,

"Take me away! where is she?"

In vain the earnest, soothing tones of Park, and the quiet, loving persuasion of the doctor's wife. The eyes, the features, the gestures of the stranger were too strongly stamped upon her memory to be forgotten, and with deep distress her kind foster-mother saw the work of many an anxious month seemingly annihilated, and reproached herself for having admitted the weird old creature who, it was plainly to be seen, was hopelessly crazed. And while she mused, and Park, sitting down to the old family organ, played a gentle air from one of Beethoven's symphonies, her very heart grew cold at the recollection of the old man's story.

"A little bird, a poor little bird found by the roadside," she thought; "hung in a gilded cage—growing beautiful, and of great value—the similitude is striking; yet what could this old man know of our poor little bird? Look out for the bird—the eagle is coming!"

An undefined terror took possession of her breast as the words flashed again upon her brain, but she dared not give voice, for Chip lay trembling on her heart.

Excusing herself, the doctor's wife led her charge out of the room, holding her with a strong grasp, to her own chamber, and there, with prayer and sweet womanly encouragement, strove to soothe her to forgetfulness.

"Well, what do you think, Van Alstyne?" asked Park, as he accompanied the former to the door.

"Just as you do, I presume," said the professor, moodily.

"That was the old woman, Mother Kurstegan, as sure as you live."

"I know it," replied Van Alstyne.

"Why didn't we follow the old witch? Van Alstyne, this is a strange matter—the more I think of it the more it perplexes me; why should she feel such a mad interest in this child? Let me whisper in your ear—little Lena is a founding, and that Indian woman is Leoline's own mother!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the professor, a sudden light breaking in on his mind.

"Say nothing of it yet—they worship the child," murmured Park.

"And this crazed creature is the mother of Leoline!" thought Van Alstyne, as he strode on to his lodgings; "and can it be that she imagines a relation so unhappy would be any bar to my love? No, no! if she were twice an outcast I would love her! I will not believe her answer final! I must hope, even against hope!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How a lady may always look young.—By getting a fashionable artist to look her portrait.—Punch.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is \$2 a year in advance—sent in the city by Carriers—4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its single pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newswriter. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see heads of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers: WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novels, both of which will be illustrated WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novel, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL; A Romance of the War with Mexico.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novel, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah, The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined.—"Summer Morn," "Midnight," "Lily of the Vale."

FRICKLE. We gave a receipt for the removal of frickles in the Post of April 4th. They are caused, it is said, by an excess of iron in the blood.

M. L. A. Ann Arbor. Respectfully declined.

E. M. Respectfully declined. It has merit, but is defective in construction.—Mrs. Seymour's address we do not know—it may be Hartford, Conn.

O. C. S. Respectfully declined.

MARRIAGE TOO EXPENSIVE A LUXURY.

Under the above caption, the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald, recently treated its readers to some remarks which have enjoyed a very extensive circulation, having been copied and commented on in numerous papers in all parts of the country. The main points in the Herald's article, which was a diatribe against certain alleged social extravagancies and follies, are contained in the subjoined paragraphs:

"More than four-sevenths of the marriages in the State of Massachusetts are among the foreign born. Why is it? For the most simple of reasons—the foreign born can afford to get married, the native cannot; and this must be so long as our extravagant modes of life continue."

Further on in the same article the Herald, speaking for all Massachusetts, says:

"We repeat, we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry, and afterwards keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence? There are more persons living a single life, etc., etc."

The editor of the Newburyport Herald has as good a right to make preposterous paragraphs as any other editor of any other Herald in the country. But if he had known beforehand that his statements would be made the subjects of numerous newspaper sermons and sermons on the original sin and total depravity of his State, and that they would be quoted exultingly all over the country as the most direct and conclusive evidence thereof, he might have been more careful in establishing their accuracy before he risked their publication. The absurdities we have quoted we thought, when we first saw them, too transparent to merit attention, much less refutation; but since they have obtained so much credit, and since respectable journals have seen fit to weave them into the tissue of their articles, we may be excused for saying, out of simple regard for justice, and a simple dislike for seeing any State of this confederacy, prejudiced or disgraced without good and sufficient reason, that the editor of the Newburyport Herald, or of any other Herald, would, if put to the test, find it the most impossible task he ever undertook in his life, to show that the proverbially thrifty, hard-working, enterprising, money-saving, and money-making citizens of Massachusetts have so degenerated within a few years as not to be able "to afford to get married," no matter how great the expense of married life may have become, or that any considerable number of the women of that State are so committed to extravagance and fashionable folly, as to make "young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide" upon

wedlock! The Herald's assertions are simply ridiculous, and the multitude of journals which have copied and credited them, show, to say the least, a lamentable lack of information relative to the character and conditions of New England society and life.

To show what figures are relied upon as a basis for the deductions in question, we quote the following—cited, it is said, from the Massachusetts census:

"In 1855, the population of Massachusetts embraced 886,575 natives of the United States, and 245,268 foreigners. The increase of the native population during the five years since the Federal census, was 56,500, but of the foreign population 85,000."

From 1850 to 1855, the native proportion of the population had diminished from 83.50 per cent. of the whole, to 78.36 per cent., while the foreigners had increased in the same time from 16.50 per cent. of the whole, to 21.64 per cent."

This citation merely shows an increase of foreign population by immigration, greater than the natural increase, by birth, of the native population. The reason for the increase is obvious enough. Most of the immigrants are Irish; they are part of that multitude of poor and suffering persons which the vile policy of an oligarchic parliament, and the fate or accident of famine have deprived of home and country, and driven to the hospitable shores of America. A great number of these people arrive at Boston. They readily find employment, for capitalists who desire people that will labor long and cheaply, abound in Massachusetts, and find their profit in them. We suppose that one of the reasons for the extraordinary growth and cohesion of the party known as the Native American, may be found in the fact that our native mechanics, artisans, laborers, etc., in the several States, have suddenly found themselves in competition with these foreigners, who have been willing to work for less wages than Americans are willing to work for, and for a longer time. In Lowell, if report says truly, the factory operatives have, within a few years, been largely supplied from the ranks of this immigration, and for the reasons above given. So in other localities throughout the State. Now, when the young, energetic people of Massachusetts suddenly find themselves engaged in a competition with 245,000 foreigners, willing and able to work for a pittance rather than pay, what is the effect? The effect is, of course, to impel these enterprising people, determined not to work for less than their work is worth, to seek localities where wages are better proportioned to service. Hence this extraordinary spread of New England people over the fertile and toiling West, over California, and through the territories. Americans are naturally always on the move when more money is to be earned or made anywhere. The natural instinct of the Yankee character favors migration, as Washington Irving has so wittily shown, and this instinct is of course highly developed at present by the state of circumstances we have briefly mentioned above. Talk of the native population of Massachusetts! Call home the Massachusetts men and women now in the territories, all over the West, off in California, on the decks of myriad merchantmen, in South America, in Europe, in every quarter of the globe, and then take the census! The foreign population would be dwarfed to insignificance.

But, say the censors, "It also appears that the proportion of marriages in the State is as one native to two and one-third foreign." This looks very alarming. But let us remember that circumstances have made this host of young foreigners, fixtures; while circumstances and constitution have made the host of young natives, wanderers and flyaways. Our foreigners land in Massachusetts—congregate in the large cities and towns, and, as the funny lawyers said of Dr. Johnson's friend, Jimmy Boswell, when they could not move him from the sidewalk on which he lay, drunk—adhesit perment—they stick to the pavement. While on the contrary, our young natives are seeking their fortunes all over the land and all over the globe. Hence, while it is very probable that the proportion of marriages in the State is "as one native to two and one-third foreign," it is also highly probable that the proportion of marriages of marriageable Massachusetts people, out of the State, is very, very much larger. Make the comparison between the foreign immigrants married in Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts people married, not only in their own State, but in all parts of the country, and then see how different the inference!

Finally, it is said, "there are absolutely more births among the 245,000 foreigners, than among the 886,000 natives. In other words, less than one-half the children born in 1855 in Massachusetts, were of American parents."

Grant it. Does it necessarily follow, that "luxury" and "folly" and "fashion" and "extravagance" are "frightening" the young men out of wedlock? Not at all. Why, this "first society" we all pitch into with such beautiful unanimity and exquisite justice, is almost entirely confined to portions of the large cities! These fashionable follies are the follies of a minority! A portion of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., are cursed with our "first society," it is true. But the great mass of the people, men and women, in Massachusetts, New York State, Pennsylvania, Maryland, &c., are plain, thrifty people, in moderate circumstances, accustomed to work for a living, and not given to the fooleries of fashionable life. Follies caught from the "first society" some of them undoubtedly practice. You will see the women ornamented with cheap jewelry and silk dresses, and the men wear fine clothes, and invest certain sums in shirt pins and pomatum. But they are not the less economical, active, laborious and executive people, and the habits of either sex are not such as to cause a legion of spinsters and an army of bachelors.

The inference that is drawn from these formidable figures is not justified by the actual facts. Surely they can be explained on a better theory than the monstrous—the outrageous—impossible hypothesis, that the great mass of working men and women in Massachusetts, or in any other part of this country, have become so corrupted and vitiated in soul and body that marriage is shunned by them as disastrous, or offspring denied their unions.

The figures quoted from the Massachusetts census, we presume accurately, had previously shown that the foreign marriages in the State compared to the native, were as more than two to one, and we have suggested the true reason why they

were so. But being so, is it at all singular that where there are most marriages there should be most births! The fact that there were more births in 1856 among the 245,000 foreign residents of the State than among the 886,000 native residents, only shows that the bulk of the native resident population at that time was not composed of young people. The foreign youth of both sexes were in the State, married and marrying; while a large proportion of the native youth of both sexes were out of the State, married and marrying. The census omits to remember that young Massachusetts is migratory. It is rather hard to expect the middle-aged and old natives in the State to bring forth as many children in a given year, as the young foreigners!

We have mentioned that a great many papers delightedly copied the Herald's absurdities, and flippantly or ferociously assailed Massachusetts. Such conduct is neither kind nor just. The people of that State are, so far as we know, as good and sensible people as any of us, and in no part of the Union is there a population more healthy, more sober, more able, and less addicted to vices and follies. This is the simple truth, and every one familiar with the region, can testify to it.

"MY LAST CRUISE."

Our readers doubtless have noticed that the interesting Sketches published in THE POST some time ago, under the title of "Glances at my Last Cruise," have been recently collected and issued in a handsome illustrated volume, by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city. We should not forget to say, however, that the book contains a number of sketches in addition to those which appeared in THE POST, and that our readers would do well therefore, both for the sake of the matter they have read, and that which will be entirely new to them, to purchase the volume.

But our object in referring to Lieut. Habershman's book at the present time, was to state that it has received a very laudatory notice from one of the highest British authorities, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine; and will be seen by the following extract from a very full notice in the June number of that periodical:—

Now here is an American—stand forth, Lieutenant Habershman of the United States Navy—who may serve as a pattern to most of you. He is thoroughly national, a quality which we always admire, even though, as in this instance, it assumes the shape of a certain prejudice against the British people. And why not? Love will not be corrected, and liking is as free as air. No nation, we say it deliberately, is more obstinate in prejudice than the English. They have an inveterate habit of measuring everything by

THE LAST GOOD THING.—A friend recently told us a better anecdote than usual—vouching for its truthfulness.

An old lady, a professor of the washer-woman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the country. One afternoon, soon after she was comfortably established in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the west, and before many minutes, a tornado had swept through her small property, scattering the timbers of her little barn in all directions. Coming out of her kitchen, and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady at first could not find words to express her indignation—but at last she exclaimed:—

"Well, here's a pretty piece of business! No matter, though, I'll pay you up for this—I'll wash on Sunday!"

☞ The Young Men's National Agricultural and Mechanics' Society will hold their first exhibition at Elmira, N. Y., from Aug. 31st to Sep. 5th next. A trial of ability between many fire engines as can be collected together, will be one of the attractions of the occasion.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 18, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

It is rumored that the Emperor is about to pay a private and "friendly" visit to Queen Victoria, at Osborne, but the preparations for the approaching elections absorb the public mind almost to the exclusion of every other topic. The Government is at work on its side, using all its machinery on behalf of its own list of favored candidates, whose names are affixed at the doors of all the *mairies*, while those of the "opposition candidates" are obliged to stick themselves up just where they can. Each party is sanguine of success; though the Democratic party has, of course, to pull against the wind blowing hard and steady in their teeth from the upper regions. As to the *idee* of public feeling, it is impossible to say in which direction its currents set most strongly. The Democrats tell us strange stories of people being arrested for the mere advocacy of the independent candidate; and declare that, were the pressure of the army of functionaries removed, not a single candidate of the Government would be returned. That a good deal of "influence" is being brought to bear on the electoral public by "the powers that be," is hardly to be doubted, all the antecedents of the present Government favoring such a supposition; but it may fairly be questioned whether the Emperor, having called on the country to name its candidates, would allow any violence to be used against those who take him at his word, in a matter so open to public cognizance. At all events it is evident that no amount of Governmental machinery could prevent a whole nation from speaking its opinion if it really had one, and that no amount of Governmental chicanery could falsify such an utterance if really made.

Meantime the *dis* *ira* of the famous 13th, when the much-talked-of comet was to have made its appearance, has come and gone without the wits of the day having had a thought or a *met* to bestow upon the non-arrival of the celestial visitant. In the rural districts of France great excitement prevailed on the eve of the dreaded day; and in some places the peasants proceeded to acts of violence against the rich, insisting on sharing for the short time the world had to last, the good things possessed by their more fortunate neighbors. Here in this city, so vain of its beauty, its splendors and its enlightenment, a great number of small tradesmen holding bills that fell due on the 13th of this month, actually insisted on these being paid the day before, so that they might have the pleasure of fingering their money before it was too late. In several parts of Germany serious troubles broke out among the peasantry as the fatal day drew near; and even the intervention of the nearest garrison was in some cases necessary.

You will doubtless be surprised to hear that the Champs Elysees, the glory of Paris, and the most beautiful promenade in Europe—thanks to its masses of glorious trees that make a forest, with its perspectives, its birds, its shadow, and its freshness, on the edge of the great city—now resembles a backwoods settlement, where all hands are hard at work, extricating the denizens of the place. The sound of the axe, the shock of falling trees, the saw, and the roll of heavily-laden carts conveying away chopped trunks and piled-up branches, fill this noble avenue from one end to the other. As I mentioned, in a former letter, these fine trees, so carefully tended, and each wearing its own number, like children in a charity-school, were found, last spring, to be infested with insects that had lodged in the bark, and threatened to injure the trees. Accordingly a tree-doctor was consulted, and he, ludicrous, yet mournful to relate, prescribed the *scraping off of the outer bark*, as the surest way of getting rid of the vermin! So an army of workmen got into the trees, hanging by ropes, and scraped off the bark. Of course, the poor trees, deprived of their skin, have quickly protested against this murderous remedy, by dying. And there they stand, dead by hundreds, nay, by thousands—if you count those that are in *articulo mortis*, and will soon follow their brethren already fallen beneath the axe. Nearly all the trees have been scraped, so that but a sprinkling of its former glories will remain to this unfortunate avenue. It will take forty years to restore the Champs Elysees to their sylvan splendor! But think of a doctor trying to cure a patient, suffering from a cutaneous malady, by taying him! A tree has its three skins, precisely analogous to ours; and can as little afford to spare its outer integument as we can. And think, again, of so violent a measure being tried, not upon a few trees by way of experiment, but upon nine-tenths of all the Champs Elysees! This incident affords a true exemplification of the passion of the French for following out a theory, at once, and to its fullest extent, disdaining the slow method of preliminary experiment, as "Good enough for you English, but not the sort of thing for us!" and of how, always bent on a good aim, they dash, wholesale, into some novel measure that promises to effect it, but which, alas! too often brings them to a state of things diametrically opposite to what they had hoped to arrive at.

QUANTUM.

MY COUSIN MASKELYNE;

OR,

THE ABBOT'S CURSE.

"A secret curse on that old building long.
Some weighty crime that Heaven could not pardon."
—Hood.

I know full well that the story I am about to tell is open to doubts as to its probability, and that any tale, with which superstition is in part interwoven, is generally cried down as an offshoot of the supernatural, spectral school of Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe, and believed accordingly. Nevertheless, I venture to lay before you a plain narrative, for the truth of which, (without reference to names, dates, and a few incidental facts), I, and people worthy of credence in the county where the scene is laid can vouch. "My Cousin Maskelyne," (name only excepted), is no mythical personage of my own, but was a real flesh and blood cousin of mine, dear to me as to that part of the county where he was best known, and is now lamented. With these rough prefatory remarks I will at once begin.

In the year 1853 in the month of September, I was staying with a shooting party at Beauchamp Abbey in —shire, the seat of my cousins, the Maskelynes, whose family have resided there since the days of the Eighth Henry. I had, till the date above given, known very little of my cousins—had never been, save as a child, to Beauchamp, and had now gone there for a month's sojourn with as pleasant a party as I ever had the luck to meet.

But it is not so much of them that I could speak, as of the events of that evening which I remember as the occasion of my first introduction to Roland Maskelyne. The squire—a man of some sixty years of age, with nothing remarkable about him but his intense love of field-sports of all kinds, hatred of free trade, and rabid Toryism; in other respects an amiable man enough, a kind father, a good squire when tenants were not poachers or Liberals, and one whose boast was that his ancestors came over with the Normans, and had never sullied their flags by work of any kind. Mother, Roland Maskelyne had not; his sister was married and lived in Wales, his younger brother was a boy at Eton then, and so the heir of Beauchamp had it all his own way at the Abbey. I cannot better describe him than by saying that he was as near a likeness to the Yandylke Charles I. as can well be imagined, with the same long, oval face, and expression of proud sadness. He only needed a ruff and a pointed beard to convince a looker-on that some old Yandylke copy had walked out of its frame to become Roland Maskelyne. I noticed that during dinner he said little, but seemed absent and dispirited. Perhaps he is in ill health, thought I—perhaps something has gone wrong; but his father seeing I looked inquiringly at my cousin, said in a low tone across the table, "Take no notice of your cousin, he is always as you see him now." This naturally enough heightened my curiosity to know what could be the cause of so settled a sadness. I had indeed heard, before coming to the Abbey, some strange stories of certain Abbot who once ruled in Beauchamp, and who, on being dispossessed of his broad acres and fine old domain by that rapacious sovereign, Henry VIII., for the sole benefit of a certain Hugo Maskelyne and his male heirs forever, had bestowed a parting curse on the fortunate courtier and his heirs aforesaid, nearly in these words:—

"Lie a merry life, Hugo Maskelyne, and gorge thyself on the spoil of the Church of God; but thou shalt not die in thy bed, neither shall any eldest son of thy posterity ever live to succeed to the broad, fair lands of Beauchamp."

All this I had heard from an old nursemaid of mine, who came to us from my cousin's village, and though I, of course, knew of the strange fatality regarding the eldest sons of this family, I believed it was an old woman's tale of wonderment, unworthy of recollection. Nevertheless, my opinions on that subject have strangely changed since then.

After dinner, over our wine, the conversation turned upon timber and some trees which the old squire had that day planted in commemoration of Roland's having then attained his twenty-seventh year, when my melancholy-visaged cousin said abruptly, as though he just woke up,

"Those trees will, in a few years, be tall and flourishing, while I am sleeping in our old vault."

"Nonsense, man," said his father, almost angrily. "I really do wish you would, for once in your life, forget that foolish old story about the Abbot's curse, which seems to overshadow your life."

"Father," said the young man, "we are all of us in this room relatives. I am sorry if that foolish observation has cast a gloom over our snug little party, but it is of little avail to blink facts; all of us know there is a fate hanging over us Maskelynes, and that the Abbot's curse has never failed save once, since the day when the Abbot of Beauchamp left his lands forever. Still, perhaps, I was foolish to talk of these matters too well known already."

The conversation dropped, but it had lasted quite long enough to fill my young head with all kinds of weird fancies, so much so that you can easily imagine that when I retired to rest that night in the "White Room," with its panelled walls hung with stern-looking old Maskelynes, "bearded like the pard" and seemingly as fierce, and old swords, bucklers, and arquebuses, which it would require a brave sportsman to load and fire off now, it was to think of anything but slumber. From a child I had at no time been of a superstitious turn; still that night, I confess, I felt anything but comfortable, and when I heard the clock strike one, and the last step die away on the creaking staircase, I would willingly have given all I then possessed to be at home, with no Maskelynes to stare me out of countenance, no Beauchamp Abbey with horrible traditions to startle me from my propriety, and no "White Room," "to murder sleep." I tossed and turned, striving in vain to sleep. I could not; till at last, determined to see if there were any ghosts in Beauchamp Abbey, I valiantly poked my nose into every cupboard and cranny in the room till I was more convinced than ever that I was a fool, and still more nervous than I had been before. "This cannot last long," thought I, "it will soon be morning—I will light a cigar

and smoke till daybreak." I looked round the room for a book—there were none. At last I bethought me of the cupboard at the end of the room; there I found Burton's "Anatomie of Melancholie," a fit book for such a time, when, while glancing over its pages, down tumbled, covering me with dust, a pile of books and papers and a long roll of vellum, which I soon saw was the Maskelyne pedigree. I sat down, smoked my cigar, and read it through patiently, observing at the same time that against the name of every eldest son, for many generations, was a black line, and, "He died before his father," and "his younger brother succeeded," &c. And so the legend had some foundation in fact. I could not then reason myself out of a belief in it—I cannot now.

Day dawned; I had smoked my cigar down to the stump—was very tired, so throwing myself on my bed, I fell asleep in my dressing-gown and slippers, and awoke the next morning to find Roland at my bedside. A glance told him how I had spent the night; the candle burnt out, the books scattered over the floor, the dressing-gown and slippers left me no chance of asserting I had slept well. I told the whole truth, not even omitting the pedigree incident. Roland said nothing, but I think looked sadder than ever all that day.

We went out shooting; a right merry party, save Roland, we were—all, save myself, being capital shots, and returned home, comfortably tired, to a good dinner at seven, with some fine old 24 afterwards. Leaving the wine-bibblers to their talk of "green seals" and rare vintages, wine and walnuts, my cousin and I strolled out across the park, cigar in mouth, and from that right began a most cordial friendship. A delightful companion (when forgetting for awhile that fearful family destiny), was my poor cousin Roland. From a boy he had always been a lover of literature, and at school and college had always shown himself to be a man not only of refined mind but vigorous intellect. "A noble mind" was indeed "overthrown" here by a fearful superstition, as you, reader, may call it, if you please; a life, which might have shed lustre on his age, was indeed wasted when Roland returned from Oxford to Beauchamp, where, leaving behind him the generous emulation and glorious thirst of knowledge of better days, he had nothing on which to fall back but field sports, hum-drum county society, and gloomy forebodings. I was a boy then—I fear I am little more now—and, boy-like, one of the first things I told my newly-discovered cousin-friend, was the history of a boyish love. Perhaps I told the tale well, perhaps earnestness atones for the power of narration; at any rate he seemed, as I thought, affected by what I said. I had jarred upon a weak chord, perhaps. I had always heard that Roland was a very Maskelyne in his nature—proud and reserved to a fault. It was not so. That night as we walked across his father's park, under the old ancestral elms, I heard from his lips, how, in an evil hour of unguarded passion, he had sacrificed the virtue of a village girl of lowly birth but remarkable beauty, and in all respect worthy of a better fate, and had by her a son whose birth, thanks to a judicious removal of the fair frail one under some pretext or other to London, had been hitherto kept a secret. Their child died, fortunately for both, and nothing was known of the matter by Rachel's friends at that time. Rachel Brooke was the only daughter of a small farmer in a parish adjoining Beauchamp, and, at the period I speak of here, was residing with her father and brother, in a lone farmhouse some two miles from the Abbey. Now Roland was, it seems, in the habit of paying clandestine visits to poor Rachel, whenever he thought her father and brother were away or asleep. It happened, however, one night when the old farmer was away from home, that Roland was sitting in the farmer's kitchen without a light, with Rachel at his side, when, hearing a sound outside, he went to the window to listen, and had hardly sat down again, when in stalked an athletic young man with a gun under his arm, as Roland and Rachel could see by the moonlight streaming in through the open door. It was her brother George, who had, as was his custom, been out on some poaching expedition with some disreputable characters in the village as lawless as himself, and now returned from the Abbey Woods to find the heir of Beauchamp in his father's kitchen, at his sister's side.

"What means all this, young squire?" asked Brooke, hoarsely. Maskelyne said nothing—little could be said—ere the poacher went on in tones of fast increasing passion:

"We may be poor folks, and you may be a fine gentleman come to ruin, if it is not already ruined, a poor girl's peace of mind; but may"—here he swore an oath too fearful to be written down—"if this night I do not hear from your lips why you come. Speak—villain!"

Maskelyne's sole reply was a scornful smile.

"Speak, Rachel," went he on wildly, "why comes this young squire, when father is away, to sit here through the night with you?"

She was too much ashamed to speak—she could not.

"And did I risk my life three years ago to save you from drowning in the miller's pool yonder, but for this—for this—for my sister—the living likeness of my poor dead mother, to be —"

"Spare me, George," said she—when, hissing out through his teeth one bitter word, which brought the blood in one red blush to the young girl's brow, he felled her savagely to the earth. In an instant his throat was grasped by Roland—a fierce struggle ensued—Maskelyne was the more powerful man, and Brooke was every second getting the worst of the contest, when, by a sudden effort he shook of Roland's grasp, and rushed madly out into the field, shouting when he stopped:

"We shall meet again, Roland Maskelyne; curses, like birds, fly home to roost; take mine and remember the Abbot's."

This disgraceful scene had occurred, unknown to any but the actors of it, some three days before my arrival at Beauchamp—and Roland more than once hinted during our walk, that he had little doubt but that George Brooke and he were likely between them to work out "the Abbot's curse" at no distant day. The poacher passed us by with a steady look of determined hatred in his eye, but said nothing, and in a few days I almost forgot the circumstances connected with Roland's and his quarrel.

Alas! I had occasion too soon to bear unwilling witness to the truth of my poor cousin's words, that he and George Brooke would soon work out "the Abbot's curse" between them. But little thought I, when Roland and I sat the following Sunday in the squire's pew under the marble monuments of the Maskelynes, to which I fear I paid far more attention than the somewhat heavy discourse of the good rector of Beauchamp, how soon there would be a monument in the churchyard to one who combined with all that was good and noble in his ill-fated race, a fascination of mind and mien peculiarly his own. Let me not anticipate this story may have for my readers by jumping to a sad conclusion thus early. It was the custom of my cousin and myself every evening to stroll out across the fields to enjoy a "quiet cigar," as smokers say; and one night, while returning home rather later than usual, we heard a gun fired—another—and then a man's head peered at us over the fence, and was rapidly withdrawn.

"Poachers," said Roland, without removing the cigar from his lips; "let us knock up the keepers, and see if we cannot secure some of these 'Diana's foresters.'"

After a smart walk of some ten minutes we reached the keeper's cottage, and found him with two assistants, preparing to start for the Abbey woods in quest of the poachers. Telling the keepers to go on first and reconnoitre, Roland said to me,

"You and I, William, will follow in their rear, and may possibly see some sport on our own account. I know the country, you don't; stick close to me, and"—here he stooped down and selected from a bundle of faggots by the moonlight two stout bludgeons—"now I think we are a match for any two of them, if they don't fire, which is improbable."

Although peaceably disposed, and at no time fond of risking life and limb for trifles, I am by no means averse to a little excitement in the way of skull-cracking when the occasion is as just one; and so without more ado I set off with Maskelyne, with the charitable view of correcting the erroneous ideas existing in the poachers' minds, as to the extent of the squire's *meum* and their *tuum*. By the time we reached the wood, the keepers had got into the middle of some brushwood, where they ambushed, awaiting the arrival of the marauders. Giving a very low whistle, which was immediately answered by our party, Roland and I proceeded onwards till we heard a crackling of dead branches, and a man rushed past us, followed by a turcher.

"It is George Brooke's dog," said Maskelyne; "I would, for his sister Rachel's sake that he were miles away this night. If I see him hand to hand, I cannot shrink from an encounter; for if I do, he will think I fear him, and that he will be through bloodshed—possibly loss of life—for George is a desperate fellow; was tried, but acquitted, some years ago, for shooting old Giles, our late head-keeper, and knows that if he be again on his trial, he will assuredly be transported. I have almost a wish to go back; but, no, here are the keepers. What news, Jack?"

The head-keeper told us that he knew of the poachers' whereabouts—that there were four or five of them only, so that we were evenly matched, and that we had better at once come up with them, and secure any we could. We had not far to go before we had an opportunity of testing our valor.

Grasping his bludgeon, Roland strode manfully up to a group of men—stair-fellows too for a midnight *melee*—who had cooly halted, bent on giving the keepers "their suppers," as they elegantly phrased it, with a few oaths as expletives. Singling out one man, who seemed the most athletic of the party, Roland speedily felled him like a bullock by one heavy blow of his bludgeon, and, shouting to us to come on, struck out right and left more like a savage than that quiet, gentlemanlike, pensive cousin of mine, whose sadness I had vainly endeavored to cheer the same evening. I, too, played my part well enough with my bludgeon, and was easily worsting by fist and stick, as opportunity offered, a clumsy bumpkin, whose knowledge of the noble art of self-defence was limited to a few furious kicks and awkward hits, when I received from behind a heavy blow on my head, and fell down backwards stunned. What went on during my short insensibility, I hardly know even now; but when I came to myself, I found the hot blood trickling down my neck and face, the keepers were gone, and the moon shining clearly down through the trees full on the pale, angry faces of two men, who were pausing for an instant's breathing time, ere they endeavored to crack each other's skulls. These were Roland Maskelyne and George Brooke; the latter had laid his gun on the grass, and was striking wildly at Roland with a stick dropped by a brother-poacher in his flight. Feeling too weak to be of any use in a conflict like this, and beside possessing that almost instinctive love of fair play common to every true Briton, I contented myself by leaning on my elbow and encouraging Roland as loudly as I was able, to finish it quickly. My cousin was a splendid single-stick player; and, at this Brooke, though a wiry active fellow enough, stood little chance with one who, like Maskelyne, had learned the use of his weapon from the life-guardsmen of Angelo's fencing rooms; so it was easy to see that the conflict must speedily end. With a dexterous twist of his wrist, Roland sent the poacher's cudgel flying some dozen feet into the air, and rushed on to secure his man, when Brooke, divining his intention, leapt lightly back, and recovering his gun which lay loaded on the grass, deliberately cocked and presented it at his antagonist's breast.

"Stand back, young squire," said the poacher, hoarsely through his set teeth; "let me go in peace home to my sister whom you have ruined, or by Him that made us, your heart's blood will sprinkle this grass to-night."

For a moment Roland did stand back; he thought, perhaps, how just a cause of anger might now be influencing Brooke against the seducer of his sister, and for her sake a momentary feeling of hesitation came over the Maskelyne's fiery heart. Alas! it was but for a moment.

"Brooke!" said he, sternly, "I said I would stop this poaching two years ago—I will keep my word."

Grasping his bludgeon once more, just as

was rising to stop him, Roland rushed in to grapple with the poacher, and succeeded so far as to be able to avert the gun's muzzle from his breast, when the keepers' voices were heard in the distance, and Brooke, wrenching the gun from Roland's grasp, fired it, and through the smoke I saw the poacher bounding by me like a deer, and my cousin lying bleeding on the grass. At this moment the moon shone out through a passing cloud; and, as I knelt down at his side, and saw the ghastly pallor of his face I knew his hours were numbered.

"William," said he, very faintly, "I am a dying man, shout for the keepers—the Abbot's curse is here!"

Stanching the blood, which was dripping slowly from his side, with a handkerchief, I shouted long and loudly, till the old trees recoiled back my words. The keepers soon returned, after a bootless pursuit; we carried the dying man home across the fields he might never inherit to the Abbey. It was indeed a sight to soften the hardest heart, when we stopped at his father's door. Hearing our heavy footsteps, the old squire and his guests threw up the windows of the dining-room, and saw the bitter truth at a glance. I will not dwell on the events of that night; my memory of them is too painful, even now that the grass is growing on my poor cousin's grave.

Morning dawned on the old man, the surgeon and myself standing at poor Roland's bedside. From the first the surgeon expressed no hope of his patient's recovery; we knew that in a few hours all must be over, and the dying man knew this too, and prepared to meet his end with Christian fortitude. The rector came soon after daybreak, and administered the sacrament to him—and greatly comforted us by saying (for we had all retired from the room by Roland's request during that interview) that my cousin's state of mind was all that could be wished. As I approached the bedside once more, Roland lent his head forward and murmured some few indistinct words. I bent my head over him, and he whispered—

"Go for Rachel Brooke; I wish to see her ere I die. I have wronged her—I would make some atonement. Tell my father it is my wish. He will not refuse."

I briefly told the father his son's request; a flush of proud displeasure for a moment passed over the old man's brow; but he said,

"Do as Roland desires."

I ran to the stable, vaulted upon a horse, and rode him, without waiting for saddle or bridle, to Rachel. She returned with me—she knew the truth already too well—George had been home, and told her all ere he finally fled. Timidly, with her face suffused with blushes, crept poor Rachel, like a guilty thing, after me to Roland's bedside, where, overcome by her grief, forgetting the presence of all save him she loved, and he dying before her, she sank down sobbing bitterly at the foot of the bed. That proud, stern, melancholy Roland Maskelyne had not been so good to her; she remembered a time when the cheek, now paling at the approach of death, had flushed as he told her his passionate, sinful love—when the eye, so sad or stern in its glances on others beamed with love on her—the poor little village girl, now breaking her heart at a dying man's bedside. What cared she for the stern wonderment in the looks of the haughty old squire? For the deprecating glances of the good surgeon? Love heeded them not; she was, to all intents and purposes, alone with him she loved—and he was fast nearing his eternal home.

After awhile she became calmer, rose from her knees, and glanced wistfully round the room.

"Father," said Roland, "I have something on my mind—let me speak to this poor girl alone."

Without a word of remonstrance or inquiry we all withdrew. I heard from Rachel's lips, after the funeral, what then occurred:

"Rachel, I was your destroyer—I sent for you to entreat your forgiveness ere I go hence into the presence of my Maker. We have both sinned grievously. Kneel down, and pray to God to pardon us, in this sad, parting hour!"

She obeyed. There was a long pause; his mind seemed wandering, and he was well-nigh too exhausted to speak. After a while he continued,

"Doubtless, you know all; but I forgive him who wounded me, for I die by your brother's hand. I shall exact a promise, when we two have said our last farewell, from my father, that he will not seek to punish George, and that he will protect you for my sake. And now, good-bye, my own dear girl! Forgive me, think kindly of me when I am gone, though I have been your ruin, for the sake of the love I bore you, and for the sake of our dear little one, whom I hope soon to meet in heaven!"

She knelt down once more, and wound her arms round her first—last—only love. Their lips met in one long, parting kiss; a murmured "God bless you, Roland, as Rachel does!" and the poor girl parted from him forever in this world.

Well-nigh overcome by emotion, weak with loss of blood, Roland had still a sacred duty, as he deemed it, to perform. Mastering his feelings, he called his father to his bedside, and taking his hand in his own, after desiring that his dying blessing might be transmitted to his brother and sister, he passed on to that which was nearest to his heart in his last moments.

"Father, I implore you by the love you profess for me to grant me these favors—these requests of your dying son; firstly, that you will never in any way, directly or indirectly, seek to punish George Brooke for the share he had in last night's tragedy; secondly, that you will ever think kindly in Christian charity, for my sake, of poor Rachel—I cannot tell you her history now as regards me, cousin William here will, when I am dead—and that you will settle, in my behalf, on her for life, such an annuity as may enable her to live respectably wherever she may wish."

For a while the father combated his son's merciful intentions towards the poacher, till, seeing delay pained Roland, he yielded, gave the required promises on the sacred word of a Maskelyne, and in a few minutes heard his son say, solemnly,

"Father! I thank you, I die happy! Forgive me, if I have been wayward, and have

clouded our house with life-long sorrow. My pre-arrangements are fulfilled! I pray God that He will avert the Abbot's curse from the next generation of our family, but I dare not hope it."

The voice grew gradually weaker, and we knew that death had come for him at last. Clapping my hand in his, with a prayer for God's forgiveness of his sins, he spoke these last, strange words,

"Scold me more at the Abbot's curse!"—And the noble spirit of Roland Maskelyne so passed away.

Let me draw a veil over the few days preceding his funeral. Such sorrow should be sacred, and any delineations of mine of sorrow like ours then, could but be painful to you now.

I saw the coffin of him I had known so short a time, yet loved so well, borne to the grave of the Maskelynes, and I know that while the beautiful Rector of our church was being read by the Rector of Beauchamp, in a voice tremulous with hardly suppressed emotion, there was not a dry eye among all that rustic concourse of honest hearts from far and near in the old churchyard. And I own I shuddered (in superstitious awe, as a reader may think), when my eyes fell upon two suppliants which Roland himself had planted in my presence some time before, in his own words, "to overshadow my grave when the curse is fulfilled!"

By the old man's desire I remained with him a week after his son's funeral. I told him the history of Rachel Brooke as regarded his son, omitting nothing, and had, ere that week expired, the satisfaction of being the bearer of a kindly note from Mr. Maskelyne to her, and have since heard that very shortly after my departure a handsome annuity was settled upon Rachel Brooke for her life. George escaped, and has never been seen since. His gang is broken up, and the Abbey Woods since that fatal night, seem to have few temptations for the Beauchamp villagers.

Once again, when the grass was growing green on my cousin's grave, did I pay a visit to Beauchamp Abbey. Old recollections made that so painful to me that I have never repeated it. I remember one night strolling through the churchyard when all the village seemed asleep; as I passed near the massive cross which marked Roland's resting-place, I heard a sound of sobs. I was startled, but quickly shaking off that feeling I strode to the grave, and there, with her face bent down to the turf, knelt poor Rachel. In answer to my questions she told me that since his death she had never omitted a nightly visit to her dear lover's grave—and there, I doubt not, she will some morning be found lying broken-hearted on the daisies which fold the tomb of him she loved so well. And now, dear reader, shall I confess it? whenever I hear men scoffing at narrations of this kind as "old women's tales," I feel a choking sensation in my throat, for my mind wanders back to the cross that tells at once the grave of my lost cousin Maskelyne, and the Anson's Curse.

"Not wholly lost, oh! Father, in this evil world of ours,
For amid its dust and ashes bloom afresh the Eden flowers:
Upwards through its din and turmoil, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And Heaven's white-winged angels hover dimly in our air."

"I am afraid of lightning," muttered a pretty coquette, during a storm. "Well you may be," sighed a despairing lover, "when your heart is steel."

"Are sisters Sal and Nance resources, pa?" "No, my son. Why do you ask me that?" "Because I heard uncle Joe say that if you would only husband your resources, you would get on a great deal better than you do. And I thought it would be a good idea, because you wouldn't have so many young men about here to super every Sunday evening; that's all, pa."

A FORCIBLE REMONSTRANCE.—A worthy old farmer, who thoroughly detested taxes and tax-gatherers, was once called on by a collector a second time for taxes he had once paid, but for which he had mislaid the receipt; and as he told the story to his friend, "Would you believe it, sir, the fellow began to abuse me!" "Well," said his friend, "what did you do?" "Do! why, I remonstrated with him!" "And to what effect?" "Well, I don't know to what effect, but the piker was bent!"

He lives long that lives well; and time mispent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if He takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold on a better value.—Fuller.

"Would you like me to give you a sovereign?" asked a little boy of a gentleman he met in the street. "To be sure I would." "Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

ONE TO TEN THOUSAND.—Frederick the Great wrote to one of his Generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy." On numbering the troops it was found there were but 50,000. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was, "I counted you for 10,000 men."

ASCENDING OF HANDEL.—Walsh, the publisher, was said to have gained £1,500 sterling from the publication of *Rinaldo*, which drew from Handel this complaint: "My dear sir, as it is only right that we should be upon an equal footing, you shall compose the next opera, and I will sell it."

My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid me farewell before he quitted the town, and on his departure he said: "I am going to the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology, by saying that we were accustomed to say, "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, and he profited by my lesson, and added: "I will knock into your door on my return!"

Some one commending Philip of Macedon for drinking freely, "That," said Democritus, "is a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

"Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big newboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No, I won't." "Then I'll give you another pounding!"

"Found away. Me and Doctor Franklin agrees. Doctor Franklin says, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.'"

ANTELOPE-HUNTING
IN INDIA.

The accompanying sketch represents the sport of killing Antelopes with the Chetah, or Hunting-Leopard, as practiced in India.

The general idea of the mode in which the hunting-leopard seizes his prey, is an erroneous one. It is commonly supposed that he creeps stealthily and slowly, availing himself of every inequality of ground for concealing his approach, till within a few yards of his victim, and then springs on it in two or three tremendous bounds; whereas he usually catches it by dint of speed of foot alone.

The sport is usually pursued in the cool of the morning. The leopard is conveyed to the ground which the antelope frequents, on a common uncovered bullock-cart, on which is lashed a native cot for the animal to crouch on. He is usually hooded, that he may be more keen when allowed to see his game. He has also a collar on, and a girdle of rope round his loins. Through each of these a cord is passed, the ends of which his keeper holds in his hand, so as to slip the leopard at the proper moment. The keeper and driver both sit on the cart, which the spectators follow either on foot, horseback, or, as in the present instance, on elephants. When the antelopes are seen, the driver makes a circuit, so as gradually to approach without alarming them; the spectators either follow close, or go in a different direction, in order to distract the attention of the antelopes. As soon as the cart is within two hundred yards of the herd, the keeper unhooks the leopard, and the instant he has caught sight of the game, slips him. The leopard springs from the cart and sets off, usually at an easy canter, towards the herd, invariably singling out the buck as his victim, if there be one in it. The antelopes, now thoroughly alarmed, make off at the top of their speed; the leopard gradually, and with apparently perfect ease to himself, diminishes his distance till within fifty or sixty yards of the one he is in special pursuit of; and then, quickening his pace to its utmost, is alongside the animal in an instant with a lightning-like rush. He gives it a pat with his paw, generally on the haunch, which makes it stagger, and ere it has time to recover from the shock, the leopard seizes it by the throat and holds it till the keeper comes up and puts the antelope out of pain by cutting its throat. The leopard is immediately re-hooded, a little of the blood is caught in a large wooden ladle (carried on the cart for the purpose), mixed with part of the entrails, and thrust under his nose, when he loses his hold of the antelope, to lap up the blood, &c. After this meal he quietly submits to be led away to, and put on, his cart, and is allowed a few minutes' breathing-time preparatory to a second run. In this manner one leopard will kill four or five antelopes in succession.

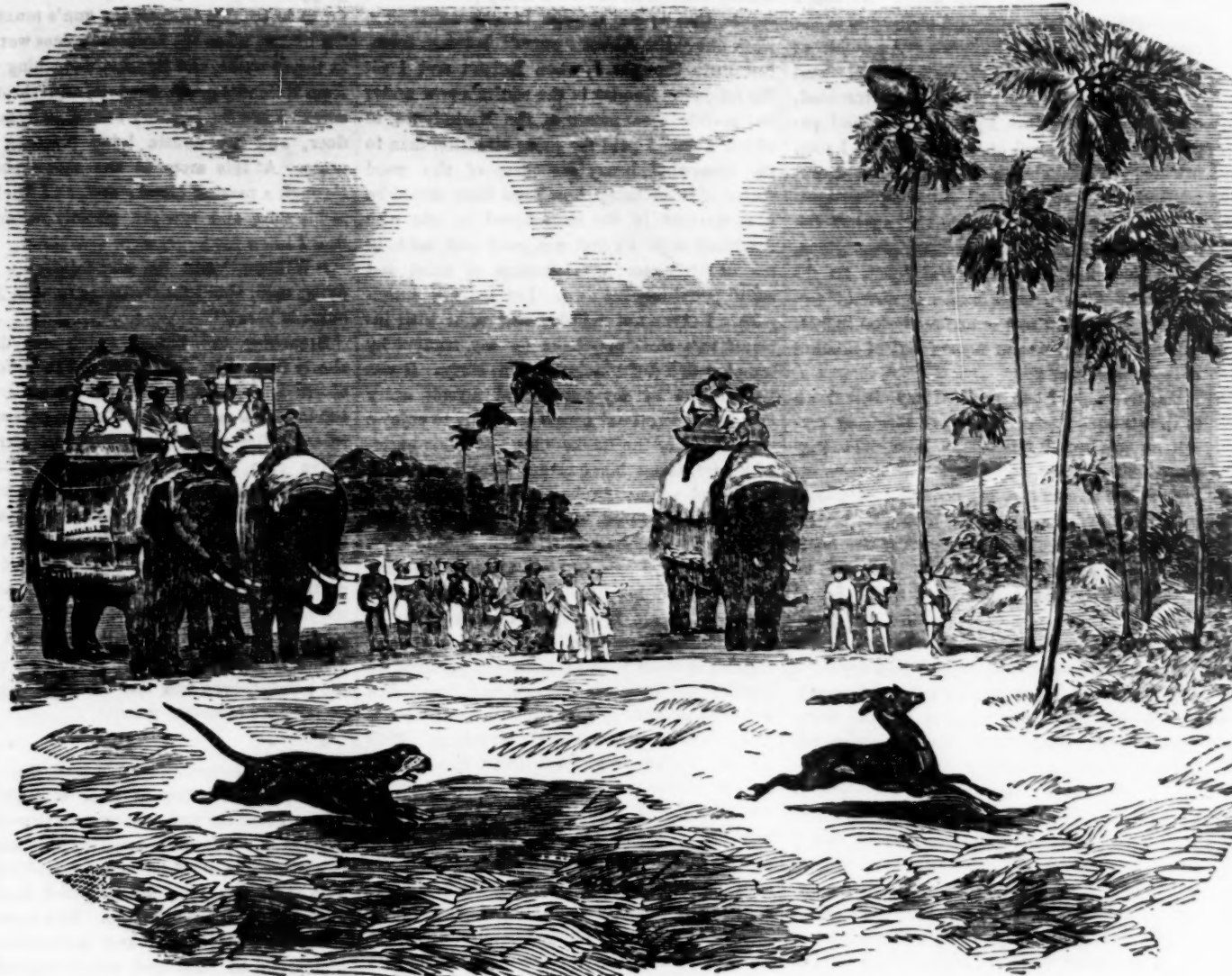
Though the above is a description of what generally happens, there are variations according to the ground on which the antelopes are found. If it be dotted with bushes or tufts of high grass, the leopard does take advantage of these to approach his game, at a canter or trot, very close ere he makes his final rush. But, to see the sport to most advantage, it should be on a perfectly open plain, such as antelopes prefer to other haunts, and where there is nothing which the leopard can use to screen his approach; then is seen in perfection his amazing speed, even as compared with the known swiftness of the antelope.

In build, the hunting-leopard more resembles the greyhound than the rest of his species. He is tall, has straight but not powerful forelegs, a deep chest, light body, very long and muscular thighs, and powerful loins; evidently fitted for great speed, rather than strength. When at speed he carries his long and bushy tail in the air, as represented in the engraving. The claws are short, weak, and not retractile. The dewclaws alone, on the fore-legs, are very strong and sharp, and with one or both of them, when he gives his prey the preliminary pat before seizing it with his teeth, he gives it a rip or scratch on the side or haunch. It is the hold which these claws take, rather than the strength of the blow from his paw, which causes the antelope to stagger in his race for life.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Captain Marryat, in his "Olla Podrida," tells a capital anecdote about a quiet old doctor, who had had the misfortune in his old days to contract a love for a freakish young lady, which terminated in a brief courtship and hasty marriage. The doctor detested gaiety of any kind, and regularly retired to bed at half-past nine P. M. Not so his young wife, who made a point of never missing a single evening party to which she might chance to be invited. Worn in spirits, his peaceful slumbers broken and interrupted by the unconscionable hours that his pretty wife thought proper to keep, the doctor at first remonstrated mildly, then raved and stormed, and finally vowed to bolt his wife out if she was not home before midnight. The wretched medico watched till that hour, and then, with stern determination and strong arm, bolted the truant out for the night. Somewhere about four P. M. the lady was carried in her palanquin from one of the most delightful balls the commandant had ever given. Finding remonstrance and tears of no avail with the obdurate old disciple of Esculapius, she threatened to throw herself into a well hard by. The doctor only laughed at her threat. Suddenly, the bearers, who were set up to the dodge, let drop a huge stone in the well, and simultaneously raised loud lamentations for their lost mistress. Out rushed the wretched doctor, half distracted, and less than half clothed; in stepped madam, and bolted the door securely. Alas! too late the medico discovered the ruse—vainly he implored forgiveness and admission. There, on the sharp gravel, naked-footed and night-shirted, that unhappy man walked to and fro to keep circulation, till daylight revealed his grotesque position to the scores of young officers bound for morning parade, who banded the joke from one to another, until the luckless doctor was obliged to fly the country.

Madame de Genlis, says somebody, reproved her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," said she, "without putting a prayer book between them."



ANTELOPE-HUNTING WITH THE LEOPARD, IN INDIA.

THE GAMBLING HOUSES OF
PARIS.

Each house has its share of histories and miraculous turns of fortune, all unfolded in due course to the admiring stranger. How there was to be seen a player, who played every day unvaryingly for a single quarter of an hour and not an instant longer, and who during that span lost three or four thousand francs, or else won twelve or fifteen thousand; and who had thus earned the soubriquet or pet name of Massena. How again another, a young provincial, had come up on the eve of his marriage, to purchase nuptial presents for his bride with only fifteen francs in his pocket; how he had strayed into one of these houses, and gone his way home rejoicing, bearing with him many costly offerings for his fiancée, and ninety thousand francs in clean notes besides! How again a Strasbourg café-keeper came up to town to see the sights, wandered in for a few moments, and issued forth with a rich booty of over two hundred thousand francs. Such gorgeous legends have a savor as of Arabian Nights, filling the neophyte's heart with strange enthusiasm, and send him to the tables filled with longing hope and desire. But, there is another history of a more mysterious character, inspiring awe and a certain freezing of the nerves. The scene is at Frascati's, at about two hours past midnight; a gay and grizzled general, with long pointed moustaches, whose breast is garnished with the St. Esprit, St. Louis, and Legion of Honour, has been playing desperately since ten o'clock; playing until all his broad lands in Normandy are utterly melted away. For, there has been standing behind him all the night an accommodating Hebrew, to whom the poor general's acres are well known, and who has been liberal in his advances on the security of the general's little note. But, now, the Hebrew, knowing that the land has on it as much as it will bear, declines further accommodation; and the old officer sits in a corner with his face covered up in his hands. He is utterly cecase, abashed, ay, winners and losers as they pass by, looking curiously at the broken warrior. But the worst is, that he has wildly staked his little daughter's portion—now sleeping unconsciously far away in her Normandy convent—and that too, has so completely bowed him down to the earth. Meantime, amid the hum of excited tongues, and the chinking of gold and silver monies, a tall stranger, wrapped in a long cloak, has entered very quietly. It was noted by a few lookers on that he was pale, and that his eyes were strangely brilliant, and that he had coal black hair pushed back from his forehead. He drew near to the gray general, and after a time sat down carelessly just behind him. Then he touched him lightly on the shoulder, and began whispering earnestly; the gray general not heeding him very much at first. Gradually he grew more attentive, and at last suffered himself to be drawn into the window, where he had a long conversation with the dark stranger. Whence he was soon after seen to come forth, very pale, and with compressed lips, but with something like a heavy purse in his hand. What could it mean? Was this another obliging Hebrew? However, place was made for the gray general at the table, who, with trembling fingers, heaped up a glittering pile before him, and began to play. First he had strange luck, and his golden heap began to rise high; when, suddenly, his fortune turned. Gradually the pile began to dwindle, falling away by degrees, until there were left but two or three bright pieces, while the next cast were gone also. All this while the tall stranger might have been seen standing afar off in the doorway, with his cloak folded about him, and smiling coldly as the gray general's heap melted away. When all was over and the last piece gone, he beckoned over to the gray general with an ivory-like forefinger, who thereupon rose up without a word and walked towards the door, and in another instant he and the tall stranger had departed together. For a few moments players looked uneasily at each other and whispered mysteriously, and then the game went on as before through the whole of that night. But, early next morning, certain wood-cutters going to their work hard by the Bois de Boulogne, came upon the body of a gray-haired officer, with gray-twisted moustaches, lying upon his back, with discolored marks about his throat.

The significance of the dark stranger became then known: and was talked of for many nights in salons de jeu. The legend became a player's legend, and was thenceforth known as the History of Le General Gris. He is but a type after all; for there were to be seen many, many such ancient warriors, casting away their hard won substance, and driven to their trusty swords as a last refuge from disgrace and ruin.

Other chronicles are there, no less curious, especially those concerning certain tracas-series played off on the bank. The bank is only fair game for such craft, being held to be a ravening monster preying upon all unhappy players; therefore are all such narratives of chicane welcomed with a certain gusto and enjoyment. Once upon a time (so runs the tradition) two young men strolled into Frascati's, each laying down his fifty double louis upon different colors. The cards were dealt in due course, and the red came up as winning color. Monsieur A. gently gathered up his fifty louis, and passed away silently from the room. Monsieur B., whose fifty had been swept in by the croupier's rake, was following when he was stopped by Messieurs de la Chambre. Monsieur le Croupier, in gathering up his spoil, had discovered that Monsieur B.'s louis were only so many forty-sous pieces ingeniously gilt over, and there was besides an awkward arriere-pensée that the stake laid down by Monsieur A. might have been of the same quality. However, Monsieur B. put a bold face on the matter, and protested against being held to be the confederate of Monsieur A. It has always been the policy of the bank to avoid unpleasant fuss or eclat, and so the grasp of the sergeant-de-ville was relaxed and the offender suffered to go free.

Again, a well-known general of the empire was so successful with an ingenious coup of this sort, that it has come down to us bearing his name. The social code must have been a little relaxed when such exalted personages were esteemed for such questionable accomplishments. It was the general's habit to lay down a single rouleau covered up in paper, and bearing the usual outward aspect of a rouleau containing one thousand francs. If it was his fate to lose, the general invariably withdrew his rouleau, and handed the croupier instead a note for one thousand francs. But, when his turn came to win, and he was presented with a thousand francs, "Pardon me," said he, putting it back gently, "my stake was considerably more." The rouleau was then opened, and there were found some fifteen or twenty thousand franc notes ingeniously folded between the pieces of gold. The bank made a wry face, but the money was paid, and the general comes down to posterity as an exceedingly "smart man."

A favorite coup d'enlèvement was the dropping of some combustible upon the table, and in the confusion men carried off the open box of gold to the cry of "Sauvons la caisse!" (Take care of the strong-box!) The strong-box, it is scarcely necessary to add, being never heard of after.

A DELIGHTFUL BABY.—Lady Tyrawlay, who was very short-sighted, being on a christening visit, waited for a considerable length of time, with very much impatience, to see the child, which was to be brought down to her. The maid servant in the meantime entered the apartment, with a coal-scuttle, and approaching the fire, near which her ladyship was seated, she immediately rose, and being extremely desirous of complimenting the family with a thousand commonplace observations on the bawling, ran on in the following manner with great volubility:—"La! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld! My lord duke's nose! My lady duchess's eyes and mouth! Dear nurse, this is a universal joy; for sure no mother had ever so sweet a creature!" The company started, and her ladyship, who did not discover her error, took her departure, congratulating herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of her Grace's delightful baby.—English Paper.

COUNTING ON LONG LIFE.—In "The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier," is the following anecdote of the hero of Barossa:—"So, old Lord Lynedoch is gone. Being at Malta about three years ago, when there was talk of a war with France, he said, 'I can't go home by France.' 'Why not, my lord?' 'Oh, they might catch me, and I don't want to spend twenty or thirty years in a French prison!'—he being then past ninety."

RETROSPECTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS H. E. SEARS.

Nature grows never old,
And never, never changeth;
While the heart grows cold,
While grief or hate estrangeth,
And death and chance divide
Souls into one life blended—
One life through youth's spring-tide,
With that forever ended.

I wander to the woods;
Amid the wealth and glory
Of gorgeous solitudes,
Lives ever the same story:
There smileth the same smile,
So placid and so human,
That did my heart beguile
Ere I was yet a woman.

The spring is new and bright,
The waters flash as gladly
Into the broad sunlight,
As though my life were dry;
The storm and wind and gloom,
Are they not kinder, sifter,
Than all this bright spring-bloom,
This gaiety and glitter?

Hands that were clasped in mine,
In such old shady forest,
Long since I did resign,
And when my need was sorest,
In vain I seek a form
That should not here be wanting,
With life and love all warm,
To make such scene enchanting.

Smother to me most cold,
This smile of earth so cheery,
Recalling days of old,
Before my life was dreary,
The storm and wind and gloom,
Are they not kinder, sifter,
Than all this bright spring-bloom,
This gaiety and glitter?

Not so—I'll seek some spot,
Softly, not darkly shaded,
And ask if each bright thought
Hath from my spirit faded—
If from those early joys
Come back no twilight's glimmer,
Softened by life's alloy,
Sweeter that it is dimmer?

Life hath more serious grown,
Its rich and glowing beauty
Subdued, it taketh tone
Less from delight than duty;
And duty bringeth peace,
Pleasure that never ceases,
While work, not selfish ease,
Patience the soul pursues.

Stopping no more to ask
Balm for my own heart's paining,
While 'tis my holier task
To soothe another's paining;
Some sadder life to bless,
And, won from self and fretting,
Find my own griefs grown less
And far off in forgetting.

And if I suffer some,
Better I than another,
With joys near and to come,
Far greater than my brother.
The sensitive to pain,
Have treasures of the spirit,
Th' obtuse can never obtain,
Who no heart-woes inherit.

And softly in the past,
Lore blendeth with the sorrow,
And love and faith outlast,
To brighten life's to-morrow;
And love, and faith, and truth,
Make all existence vernal,
Renewing vanished youth,
And making it eternal.

July, 1857.

NAPOLEON'S STAR.—"One day, at Fontainebleau, Fesch was disputing harshly, as was his custom, indeed. The Emperor grew angry, and told him that he, a libertine, an infidel, had good grounds for assuming such an hypocritical manner, &c. 'It is possible,' said Fesch, 'but that does not prevent you from committing injustice; you are devoid of reason, justice, and prudence; you are the most unjust of men.' At the end, the Emperor took him by the hand, opened the window, and led him on to the balcony. 'Look up there,' he said, 'do you see anything?' 'No,' replied Fesch, 'I see nothing.' 'Well, then, learn to hold your tongue,' the Emperor went on; 'I can see my star; it is that which guides me. No longer dare to compare your weak and imperfect faculties to my superior organization.'"
—Marmont's Memoirs.

To give children good instruction and a bad example, is but beckoning to them with the head to show them the way to Heaven, while you take them by the hand to lead them in the way to hell.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The gaieties of the London season being now at their height, novelties in evening costume are eagerly sought for. Among the newly prepared dresses, remarkable for novelty, may be mentioned one of white tulle, trimmed with four flounces of black lace, each lined with black tulle. Two wreaths of pink hyacinths, one on each side, pass upwards from the edge of the skirt to the waist, the intervening space forming a *tablier*. The corsage of this dress is pointed in front and behind. The sleeves, which are rather short, are, like the corsage, rather profusely trimmed with pink hyacinths. A wreath of the same flowers, intermingled with diamonds, is worn in the hair. Another dress, peculiarly novel in style, has three skirts; the uppermost being composed of blue tulle, the middle one of white tulle, and the lowest of blue tulle. These skirts are very full, and are looped up on each side by bouquets of roses without foliage. The corsage, of blue tulle, is trimmed with an *ecelle* of roses, and sprays of rose-buds are employed to trim the sleeves. The wreath for the hair is formed of roses, intermingled with diamonds, and a *parure* of brilliants, consisting of a necklace, drop earrings, and three brooches, complete the costume. A dress, much admired, worn at a recent evening assembly, was composed of organdy, and trimmed with flounces of the same material, covered with flounces of Alencon lace. The lace is of a pattern at once rich and light. Each flounce was headed by two rows of narrow black velvet, and one row of gold braid—the latter being placed between two rows of velvet. The corsage has a berthe, and a trimming of black velvet and gold braid, corresponding with the heading of the flounces, ornamented the berthe and sleeves. A bouquet of lilac acacia was fixed at the waist, a little on one side. Head-dress—sprays of lilac acacia, attached with diamond pins.

The newest head-dresses for evening costume include one composed of two coronets, or small wreaths of foliage, fixed at the back of the head by a cluster of coral beads, a bow of ribbon, and a bow of blonde. Sprays of foliage, ends of ribbon, and two small lappets of blonde droop over the back of the neck. Another *coiffure* consists of a toque of white crape, embroidered with gold and small coral beads. It is trimmed on one side with two white feathers tipped with stars in gold, and on the other with a bow of red and gold ribbon.

Some of the prettiest out-door dresses introduced for the present season are composed of chequered silk, and ornamented with side trimmings of velvet. These dresses are frequently made with basques. One or two dresses of plain poplin have been made with double skirts, trimmed either with black velvet, or with velvet of a color contrasting well with that of the dress.—London Lady's Paper, June 6.

DANIEL MORGAN, THE RIFLEMAN.

The following appears in a letter of a Virginia correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce:

"The name of Daniel Morgan, the celebrated commander of the Virginia Riflemen, is a household word in Virginia. His remains repose at Winchester. Jerseyman by birth, he early emigrated to the Virginia wilds, and was a wagoner in the French war. Tall, muscular, and inured to all hardships, he was fond of adventure, famed for intense daring and hair-breadth escapes. He had been grossly insulted by one British officer, and severely punished by another, in the name of King George. He vowed vengeance, and kept his vow.

"At the opening of the Revolution he raised a battalion of riflemen, and drilled them to perfection. They spurned the bayonet, and relied on the deadly aim of the rifle. He used to say the business of his men was to kill, not to be killed. At the battle of Saratoga, seeing the day was going against the Americans by reason of the extraordinary skill and energy of Gen. Fraser, with his Scotch division, he resolved to resort to the only measure conceivable to arrest the tide of battle that threatened to overwhelm them. Summoning to his presence the best marksman in his command, whose aim was never known to fail, he said to him: 'Murphy, do you see that officer on the iron gray horse?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply of the old soldier. Morgan rejoined with an almost faltering voice, 'Then do your duty.'

"Murphy ascended a tree, cut away the interlaced branches with his hatchet, (this was a part of their variegated armor), rested his rifle in a sure place, watched his opportunity, and as soon as Gen. Fraser had, in his animated movements, come within a practical range, Murphy fired, and the gallant Fraser fell mortally wounded, being shot in the centre of his body. That fall decided the day. The enemy soon gave way, and Saratoga became immortal. But Morgan, the rough soldier, was a man of tender feelings, and he almost wept at the deed, and always said it troubled him because it looked so much like a kind of assassination of a brave and noble officer; though gallant as that officer was, he had placed himself there to be shot at, and was engaged in shooting others. It was in a similar way that Nelson fell on the deck of the Victory."

A TIGER FRIGHTENED BY A MOUSE.—Captain Basil Hall, in his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, gives the following anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency, at Calcutta. "But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstasy of fear, that we were always obliged to desist, in pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move; till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across in his den, or of making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage."

WHO WROTE THE LORD'S PRAYER?—Bonaparte, introduced to the ambassadors at the court of Louis XIV., being deaf, Breteuil obtained his post. Breteuil was much without intellect, but aped courtly manners, called himself Baron de Breteuil, and was much tormented and laughed at by his friends. One day, dining at the house of Madame de Pontchartrain, and speaking very authoritatively, Madame de Pontchartrain disputed with him, and to test his knowledge, offered to make a bet that he did not know who wrote the Lord's Prayer. He defended himself as well as he was able, and succeeded in leaving the table without being called upon to decide the point. Caumartin, who saw his embarrassment, ran to him, and kindly whispered in his ear that Moses was the author of the Lord's Prayer. Thus strengthened, Breteuil returned to the attack, brought, while taking coffee, the conversation back again to the bet; and, after reproaching Madame de Pontchartrain for supposing him ignorant upon such a point, and declaring he was ashamed of being obliged to say such a trivial thing, pronounced emphatically that it was Moses who had written the Lord's Prayer. The burst of laughter that, of course, followed this, overwhelmed him with confusion. Poor Breteuil was for a long time at loggerheads with his friend, and the Lord's Prayer became a standing reproach to him.—Memoirs of the Duke of St. Simon.

CARLEY ON THE OPERA.—An Edinburgh annual has an article by Carlyle on the opera. It is a pouring out of eccentric criticism, aimed especially at the ballet girls, "with their muslin saucers round them, whirling and spinning in strange mad vortexes," and culminating in a "motion peculiar to the opera, perhaps the ugliest, certainly the most difficult, ever taught to a female creature in this world." Farther on, he exclaims, "Oh, heavens, when I think that Music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death."

LIVING AND DYING.—The Rev. John Newton, when in company one day, mentioned the death of a lady. A young female who sat opposite immediately inquired, "Oh, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than how did she die?" "How did she live?" was Mr. Newton's answer.

Useful Receipts.

GLUE FOR EARTHENWARE, ETC.—Put a piece of white flint stone into the midst of a fierce fire; when it is red, or rather white hot, take it out with a pair of tongs, and suddenly drop it into a pan of cold water, which should be ready placed for the purpose. This will destroy the power of adhesion in the flint, and precipitate the stone to a fine powder, from which you must carefully pour off the water. Now melt white rosin in an iron pot or earthen pipkin, and stir the flint stone powder into it till it is of the consistency of a thick paste. When you use this glue, warm the edges of the glass, stone, china, or earthenware, and rub it thereon; then carefully and neatly place them together. When quite cold, with a knife scrape off as much of the cement as remains outside.

TO MAKE WATER COLD WITHOUT ICE.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice: Let the jar, pitcher or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and duce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical climates, where ice cannot be procured this is common. Let every mechanic and laborer have at his place of employment, pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

TO KILL TICKS ON SHEEP.—Mr. J. A. French, of North Clarendon, Vt., writes to the New England Farmer, that fæzæzed, fed at the rate of a table-spoonful each day to each animal, will have the effect of destroying the ticks, and will at the same time very much promote the health of the sheep.

TO TAKE THE OUT OF LIKEN.—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow; the linen may then be washed, and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

TO DETECT ALUM IN BEER.—Make a weak decoction of logwood in water, in which pieces of the suspected bread are to be dipped; if it contain alum, it will acquire a decided purple dye, which penetrates some distance into the interior. With pure bread, however, no such coloring will take place.

TO DYE KID GLOVES BROWN, YELLOW, OR TAY COLOR.—Steep saffron in boiling soft water for twelve hours, then having sewed up the tops of the gloves to prevent the dye from staining the insides, wet them over with a sponge dipped into the liquor. The quantity of saffron, as well as water, depends on how much dye may be required, and their relative proportions on the depth of color wanted. A common teaspoon will contain sufficient in quantity for a single pair of gloves.

TO DETECT BUTTER ADULTERATED WITH LARD.—Throw a small piece of the suspected butter into a clear fire, and if it burns with a crackling noise it is adulterated.

THE RUSSIAN METHOD OF KILLING RATS.—Procure two ounces of dried oatmeal, and mix with this meal twelve drops of the oil of sweet seed. Give this mixture one night. The next night lay on a slate the following mixture: One ounce of dry oatmeal, one ounce of linseed meal, one ounce of bread-crumbs, and half an ounce of moist sugar. Stir all together with wooden spoon. When this is put together dry, add two ounces of quicklime, and well mix it together. Put some of it on a slate in the place most frequented, and at a short distance place several flat vessels holding about a pint of sweetened water, and lay them even with the floor, to allow the rats, after feasting, to drink.

"WILL SAIL TO-MORROW."

The good ship lies in the crowded dock
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock,
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,
Her upright funnel all white and bare—
Whence the long soft line of vapour smoke
Twirls sky and sea like a vision broke,
Or slowly o'er the horizon curls,
Like a lost hope gone to the other world:
She sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,
With his steady footfall—quick and brave,
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares,
And his quiet eye that all things dares;
Though a little smile o'er the kind face dawns
On the loving brow that laps and fawns,
And a little shadow comes and goes
As if heart or memory fled—what knows?
He sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the thronged line of ships
Will quick close after her as she slips
Into the unknown Deep once more!
To-morrow, to-morrow, same on shore
With straining eyes shall desperate years—
"This is not parting! Return—return!"
Pace, with wrong hands! Hush, quivering breath!
Love keepeth his own through life and death,
Though she sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow!

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXV.

SCATTERING THE WILD STALLIONS.

Such rude appeal was wrung from my lips
By the dread spectacle on which my eyes
rested.

I scarcely waited the echo of my words; I
waited not the counsel of my comrades, but,
plunging deeply the spur, galloped down the
hill in the direction of the drove.

There was no method observed, no attempt
to keep under cover. There was not time either
for caution or concealment. I acted under
instantaneous impulse, and with but one thought—
to charge forward, scatter the stallions, and,
if yet in time, save her from those hurrying heels
and fierce galling teeth.

If yet in time—ay, such provisory parenthe-
sis was in my mind at the moment. But I drew
back from observing that the steed kept a ring
cleared around him; his assailants only threat-
ened at a distance.

Had he been alone, I might have acted with
more caution, and perhaps have thought of some
stratagem to capture him. As it was, stratagem
was out of the question; the circumstances re-
quired speed.

Both trappers and rangers, acting under a like
impulse with myself, had spurred their horses
into a gallop, and followed close at my heels.

The drove was yet distant. The wind blew
from them—a brisk breeze. We were half-way
down the hill, and still the wild horses neither
heard, saw nor scented us.

I shouted at the top of my voice; I wished to
startle and put them to flight. My followers
shouted in chorus, but our voices reached not
the quarrelling caballeros.

A better expedient suggested itself: I drew
my pistol from its holster, and fired several
shots in the air.

The first would have been sufficient. Its re-
port was heard, despite the opposing wind; and
the mustangs, affrighted by the sound, suddenly
forsook the encounter. Some bounded away
at once; others came wheeling around us,
snorting fiercely, and tossing their heads in the
air: a few galloped almost within range of our
riders, and then, uttering their shrill neighing,
turned and broke off in rapid flight. The steed
and his rider alone remained where we had first
observed them!

For some moments he kept the ground, as if
bewildered by the sudden scattering of his
assailants; but he, too, must have heard the
shots, and perhaps alone divined something
of what had caused those singular noises. In
the loud concussion, he recognized the voice of
his greatest enemy; and yet he stirred not from
the spot!

Was he going to await our approach? Had
he become tame?—reconciled to captivity? or
was it that he had rescued him from his an-
gry rivals—that he was grateful, and no longer
feared us?

Such odd ideas rushed rapidly through my
mind as I hurried forward. I had begun to
deem it probable that he would stay our ap-
proach, and suffer us quietly to recapture him.
Alas! I was soon undeceived. I was still a
long way off—many hundred yards—when I saw
him rear upward, wheel round upon his hind-
feet as on a pivot, and then bound off in deter-
mined flight. His shrill scream pealing back
upon the breeze, fell upon my ears like the taunt
of some deadly foe. It seemed the utterance of
mockery and revenge; mockery at the impo-
tence of my pursuit; revenge that I had once
made him my captive.

I obeyed the only impulse I could have at
such a moment—galloped after, as fast as
my horse could. I stayed for no consulta-
tion with my companions; I had already forged
far ahead of them. They were too distant for
speech.

I needed not their wisdom to guide me.
No plan required conception or deliberation;
the course was clear: by speed only could the
horse be taken, and his rider saved from de-
struction—*if yet safe*.

Oh, the fearfulness of the last reflection! the
agony of the doubt!

It was not the hour to indulge in idle an-
guish; I repressed the emotion, and bent my
self earnestly upon the pursuit. I spoke to
my brave steed, addressing him by name; I
urged him with hands and knees; only at in-
tervals did I inflict the cruel steel upon his
flank.

I soon perceived that he was flagging; I per-
ceived it with increased apprehension for the
result. He had worn his saddle too long on

the day before, and the
wet, weary night had
jaded him. He had been
overwrought, and I felt
his weariness as he gal-
loped with feeble stroke.
The prairie steed must
have been fresh in com-
parison.

But life and death
were upon the issue—
Her life—perhaps my
own. I cared not to
survive her. She must
be saved. The spur
must be plied without
remorse. The steed
must be overtaken, even
if Moro should die!

It was a rolling prairie
over which the chase led
—a surface that undula-
ted like the billows of
the ocean. We galloped
transversely to the di-
rection of the "swells,"
that rose one after the
other in rapid suc-
cession. Perhaps the ra-
pidity with which we
were crossing them
brought them nearer
to each other. To me
there appeared no level
ground between these
land-billows. Up hill
and down hill in quick
alternation was the manner of our progress—a
severe trial upon the girths—a hard, killing
gallop for my poor horse. But life and death
were upon the issue, and the spur must be plied
without remorse.

A long, cruel gallop—would it never come
to an end? would the steed never tire? would
he never stop? Surely, in time, he must be-
come weary? Surely, Moro was his equal
in strength as in speed!—superior to him in
both!

Al! the prairie horse possessed a double ad-
vantage—he had started fresh—he was on his
native ground.

I kept my eyes fixed upon him; not for one
moment did I withdraw my glance. A myste-
rious apprehension was upon me; I feared to
look around, lest he should disappear. The
souvenirs of the former chase still haunted me;
weird remembrances clung to my spirit. I
was once more in the region of the superna-
tural.

I looked neither to the right nor left, but
straight before me—straight at the object of
my pursuit, and the distance that lay between
us. This last I continuously scanned, now
with fresh hope, and now again with doubt. It
seemed to vary with the ground. At one time
I was nearer, as the descending slope gave me
the advantage; but the moment after, the steep
declivity retarded the speed of my horse, and
increased the intervening distance.

It was with joy I crossed the last swell of
the rolling prairie, and beheld a level plain
stretching before us. It was with joy I per-
ceived that upon the new ground I was rapidly
gaining upon the steed!

And rapidly I continued to gain upon him,
until scarcely three hundred yards were be-
tween us. So near was I, that I could trace
the outlines of her form—her prostrate limbs—
still lashed to the croup—her garments loose
and torn—her ankles—her long dark hair dis-
hevelled and trailing to the ground—even her
pallid cheek I could perceive, as at intervals the
steed tossed back his head to utter his wild,
taunting neigh.

I was near enough to be heard. I shouted
in my loudest voice; I called her by name. I
kept my eyes upon her, and with throbbing
anxiety listened for a response. I fancied that
her head was raised, as though she understood
and would have answered me. I could hear no
voice, but her feeble cry might have been
drowned by the clatter of the hooves.

Again I called aloud—again and again pro-
nouncing her name.

Surely I heard a cry; surely her head was
raised from the withers of the horse. I could
not be mistaken.

"Thank Heaven, she lives!"

I had scarcely uttered the prayer, when I
felt my steed yield beneath me as though he
was sinking into the bosom of the earth. I was
hurled out of the saddle, and fung head fore-
most upon the plain. My horse had broken
through the burrow of the prairie marmot, and
the false step had brought him with violence
to the ground.

I was neither stunned nor entangled by the
fall; and in a few seconds had regained my
feet, my bridle, and saddle. But as I headed
my horse once more toward the chase, the
white steed and his rider had passed out of
sight.

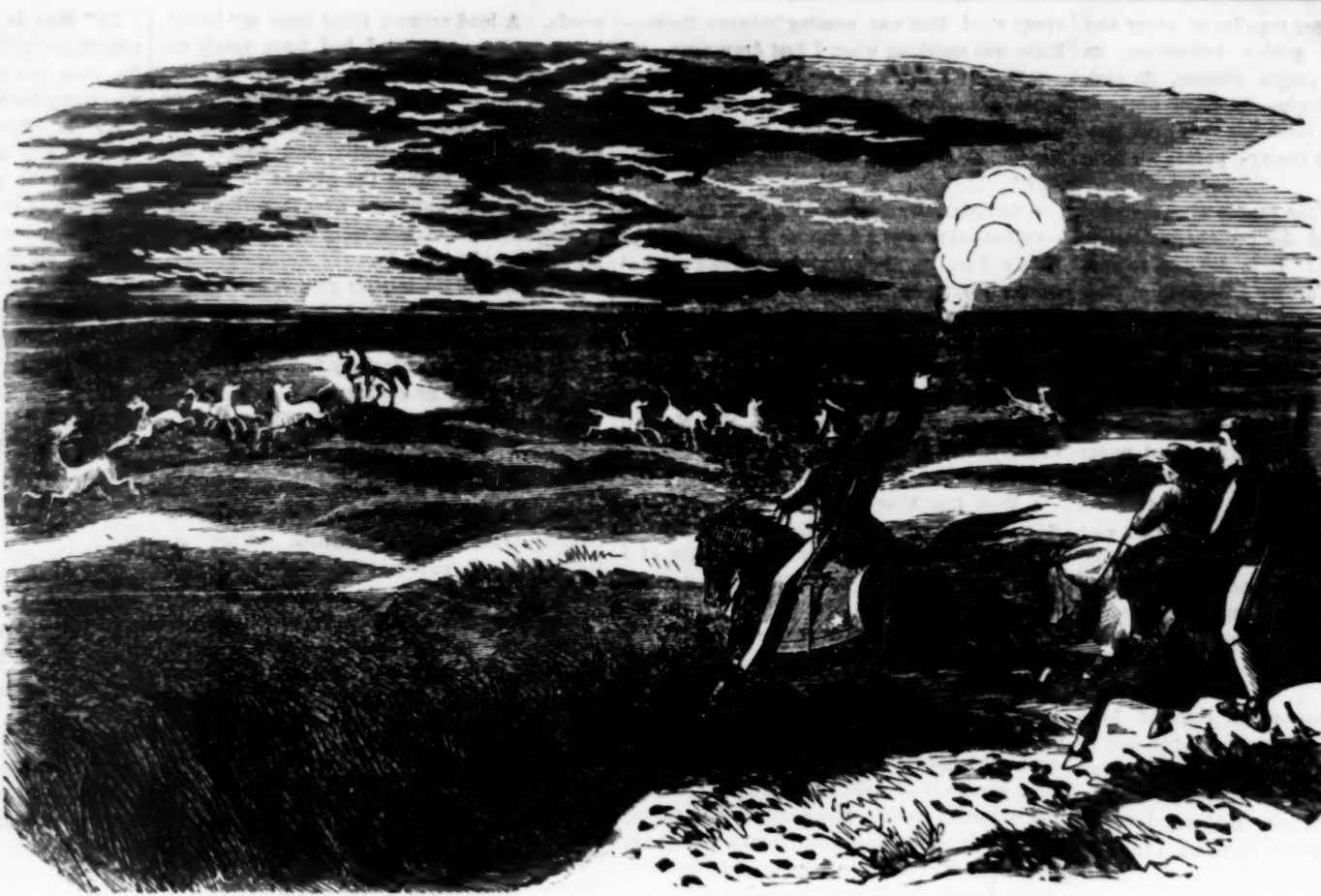
CHAPTER LXVI.

LOST IN A CHAPARRAL.

I was chagrined, frantic, and despairing, but
not surprised. This time there was no mystery
about the disappearance of the steed; the chap-
arral explained it. Though I no longer saw
him, he was yet within hearing. His footfall
on the firm ground, the occasional snapping
of a dead stick, the whist of the receding
branches, all reached my ears as I was re-
mounting.

These sounds guided me, and without stay-
ing to follow his tracks, I dashed forward to
the edge of the chaparral—at the point nearest
to where I heard him moving. I did not pause
to look for an opening, but heading in the di-
rection whence came the sounds, I spurred
forward into the thicket. Breasting the bushes
that reached round his neck, or bounding over
them, my brave horse pressed on; but he had
not gone three lengths of himself before I
recognized the impudence of the course I was
pursuing; I now saw I should have followed the
tracks.

I no longer heard the movements of the
steed—neither foot stroke, nor snapping sticks,
nor breaking branches. The noise made by my
own horse, amid the crackling acacias, drowned
every other sound; and so long as I kept in
motion, I moved with uncertainty. It was
only when I made stop that I could again hear
the chase struggling through the thicket; but
now the sounds were faint and far distant—
growing still fainter as I listened.



COMING UP WITH THE WILD HORSE.

Once more I urged forward my horse, head-
ing him almost at random; but I had not ad-
vanced a hundred paces, before the misery of
uncertainty again impelled me to halt.

This time I listened and heard nothing—not
even the recoil of a bough. The steed had
either stopped, and was standing silent, or
was more probable, had gained so far in
advance of me that his hoof-stroke was out of
hearing.

Half frantic, angered at myself, too much
excited for cool reflection, I lanced the sides
of my horse, and galloped madly through the
thicket.

I rode several hundred yards before draw-
ing bridle, in a sort of desperate hope I might
once more bring myself within earshot of the
chase.

Again I halted to listen. My recklessness
proved of no avail. Not a sound reached my
ear; even had there been sounds, I should
scarcely have heard them above that issuing
from the nostrils of my panting horse; but
sound there was none. Silent was the chap-
arral around me—silent as death; not even a
bird moved among its branches.

I felt something like self-exorcism; my im-
pudence I denounced over and over. But for
my rash haste, I might yet have been upon the
trail—perhaps within sight of the object of pur-
suit. Where the steed had gone, surely I could
have followed. Now he was gone I knew not
whether—lost—his trail lost—all lost!

To recover the trace of him, I made several
casts across the thicket. I rode first in one
direction, then in another, but all to no pur-
pose. I could find neither hoof track nor broken
branch.

I next bethought me of returning to the open
prairie, there retaking the trail, and following
it thence. This was clearly the wisest, in fact,
the only course in which there was reason. I
should easily recover the trail, at the point
where the horse had entered the chaparral,
and thence I might follow it without diffi-
culty.

I turned my horse round, and headed him in
the direction of the prairie—or rather in what I
supposed to be the direction—for this too had
become conjecture.

It was not till I had ridden for a half-hour,
for more than a mile through glade and bush—
not till I had ridden nearly twice as far in the
opposite direction—and then to right, and then
to left—that I pulled up my broken horse,
dropped the rein upon his withers, and sat bent
in my saddle under the full conviction that I
too was lost!

Lost in the chaparral—that parched and
hideous jungle, where every plant that carries
a thorn seemed to have place. Around grew
acacias, mimosa, gleditsias, robinias, alga-
robias—all the thorny legumes of the world;
above towered the splendid *hougouiers* with
spiny stems; there flourished the "tornillo"
(*prosopis glandulosa*), with its twisted stems;
there the "junco" (*kobleria*), whose very
leaves are thorns. There saw I spear-pointed
yuccas and clawed bromelias (*agave* and *dasy-
lirion*); there, too, the universal cactaceae
(*opuntia*, *mammillaria*, *cereus*, and *echino-
cactus*); even the very grass was thorny—for it
was a species of the "mesquite-grass," whose
knotted culms are armed with sharp spurs!

Through this horrid thicket I had not passed
unscathed; my garments were already torn, my
limbs were bleeding.

My limbs—and hers?

Of hers alone was I thinking; those fair-pro-
portioned members—those softly rounded arms—
that smooth delicate skin—bosom and shoulders
bare—the thorn—the scratch—the tear.
Oh! it was agony to think!

By action alone might I hope to still my
emotions; and once more rousing myself from
the lethargy of painful thought, I urged my
steed onward through the bushes.

CHAPTER LXVII.

ENCOUNTER WITH JAVALI.

I had no mark to guide me, either on the
earth or in the heavens. I had an indefinite
idea that the chase had led westward, and
therefore to get back to the prairie, I ought to
head towards the east. But how was I to dis-
tinguish east from west? In the chaparral
both were alike, and so too upon the sky. No
sun was visible; the canopy of Heaven was of a
uniform leaden color; upon its face were no
signs by which the cardinal points could have
been discovered.

Had I been in a forest of trees, surrounded
by a northern *sytle*, I could have made out my
course. The oak or the elm, the ash-tree or
maple, the beech or sycamore—any of them
would have been compass sufficient for me;
but in that thicket of thorny shrubs I was
completely at fault. It was a subtropical
flora, or rather a vegetation of the arid desert,

to which I was almost a stranger. I knew
there were men skilled in the craft of the
chapparral, who, in the midst of it, could tell
north from south without compass or star.
Not I.

I could think of no better mode than to trust
to the guidance of my horse. More than once,
when lost in the thick forest or on the bound-
less plain, had I reposed a similar trust in his
instincts—more than once had he borne me out
of my bewilderment.

But whether could he take me? Back to the
path by which we came? Probably enough,
had that path led to a home; but it did not;
my poor steed, like myself, had no home. He,
too, was a ranger; for years had been flitting
from place to place, hundreds, ay, thousands of
miles from each other. Long had he forgotten
his native stall.

I surmised that if there was water near, his
instinct might carry him to that—and much
needed it both horse and rider. Should we
see a running stream, it would serve as a
guide.

I dropped the rein upon his neck, and left
him to his will.

I had already shouted in my loudest voice,
in hopes of being heard by my comrades; by
none other than them, for what could human
being do in such a spot, shunned even by the
brute creation? The horned lizard (*agamis
coronata*), the ground rattlesnake, the shell-
colored armadillo, and the ever-present coyote,
alone inhabit these dry jungles; and now and
then the javali (*dicyles torquatus*), feeding
upon the twisted legumes of the "tornillo,"
passes through their midst; but even these are
rare; and the traveller may ride for scores of
miles through the Mexican chaparral without
encountering aught that lives and moves.

There reigns the stillness of death. Unless
the wind be rustling among the pinnate fronds
of the acacias, or the unseen locust utters its
harsh shrieking amid the parched herbage,
the weary wayfarer may ride on, cheered by no
other sound than his own voice, or the footfall
of his horse.

There was still the chance that my followers
might hear me. I knew that they would not
stray from the trail. Though they must have
been far behind when I entered the chaparral,
following the tracks, they would in time be sure
to come up.

It was a question whether they would follow
mine, or that of the steed. This had not oc-
curred to me before, and I paused to consider
it. If the former, then was I wrong in moving
onward, as I should only be going from them,
and leading them in a longer search. Already
had I given them a knot to unravel, my devious
path forming a labyrinthine maze.

It was more than probable they would fol-
low me—in the belief that I had some reason
for deviating from the trail of the steed, per-
haps for the purpose of heading or intercept-
ing him.

This conjecture decided me against advan-
cing further—at least until some time should
elapse, enough to allow them to come up with
me.

Out of compassion for my hard-breathing
horse, I dismounted. At intervals, I shouted
aloud, and fired shots from my pistols. After
each I listened; but neither shot nor shout
reached me in reply. They must be distant in-
deed, not to hear the report of fire-arms; for
had they heard them, they would have been
certain to make answer in a similar manner.
All of them carried rifles and pistols.

I began to think it was time they should
have reached me. Again I fired several shots;
but, as before, echo was the only reply. Per-
haps they had not followed me? perhaps they
had kept upon the trail of the steed, and it
might lead them far away, beyond hearing of
the reports? perhaps there was not yet time
for them to have arrived?

While thus conjecturing, my ears were as-
sailed by the screeching of birds at some dis-
tance off. I recognized the harsh notes of the
jay, mingling with the chatter of the red car-
dinal.

From the tones, I knew that those birds were
excited by the presence of some animal. Per-
haps they were defending their nests against the
black snake or the *crotalus*.

It might be my followers approaching? It
might be the steed—like me, still wandering in
the chaparral?

I sprang to my saddle to get a better view,
and gazed over the tops of the trees. Guided
by the voices of the birds, I soon discovered
the scene of the commotion. At some dis-
tance off, I saw both jays and cardinals flut-
tering among the branches, evidently excited by
something on the ground beneath them. At
the same time I heard strange noises, far
louder than the voices of the birds, but could
not tell what was causing them. My spirits
sank, for I knew they could not be produced
either by my comrades or the steed.

It was not far, and I
determined to satisfy
myself as to what was
causing such a commo-
tion in this hitherto-silent
place. I rode towards
the spot, as fast as my
horse could make way
through the bushes. I
was soon satisfied.

Coming on to the edge
of a little glade, I be-
came a spectator to a
strange scene—a battle
between the red cougar
and a band of javali.

The fierce little boars
were "ringing" the pan-
ther, who was fighting
desperately in their
midst. Several of them
lay upon the ground,
struck senseless or dead,
by the strong jaws of
the huge cat; but the
others, nothing daunted,
had completely sur-
rounded their enemy,
and were bounding upon
him with open mouths,
wounding him with their
sharp, shining tusks.

The scene aroused my
hunter instincts, and
suddenly unslung my
rifle, I set my eye to
the sights. I had no

hesitation about the selection of my mark—the
panther, by all means—and drawing trigger, I
sent my bullet through the creature's skull,
at once stretching him out in the midst of his
assaults.

Three seconds had not elapsed, before I had
reason to regret the choice I had made of a
victim. I should have let the cougar alone,
and either held my fire, or directed it upon one
of his urchin-like enemies; for the moment he
was *hors de combat*, his assailants became mine—
transforming their "surround" to my horse
and myself, with all the savage fierceness they
had just exhibited towards the panther!

I had no means of punishing the ungrateful
brutes. They had not given me time to reload
my rifle before commencing the attack, and my
pistols were both empty. My horse, startled by
the unexpected assault, as well as by the
strange creatures that were making it, snorted
and plunged wildly over the ground; but go
where he would, a score of the ferocious brutes
followed, springing against his sides, and scor-
ing his shanks with their terrible tusks. Well
for me I was able to keep the saddle; had I
been thrown from it at that moment, I should
certainly have been torn to pieces.

I saw no hope of safety but in flight, and
spurring my horse, I gave him full rein. Alas!
through that tangled thicket the javali could go
as fast as he; and after galloping a hundred
yards or so, I perceived the whole flock still
around me, leaping as fiercely as ever around
the limbs of my steed.

The result might have proved awkward
enough; but at that moment I heard voices,
and saw mounted men breaking through the
underwood. They were Stanfield, Quacken-
boss, and the rest of the rangers.

In another second they were on the ground;
and their revolvers, playing rapidly, soon thin-
ned the ranks of the javali, and caused the sur-
vivors to retreat grunting and screaming into
the thicket.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE WOODS ON FIRE.

The trappers were not among those who had
rescued me—where were they? The others
made answer, though I already guessed what
they had to tell. Rube and Garey had followed
the tracks of the steed, leaving the rangers to
come after me.

I was pleased with the ready intelligence of
my comrades; they had acted exactly as they
should have done. I was myself found, and I
no longer entertained any apprehension that
the trail would be lost.

By this time, the trappers must be far upon
it; more than an hour had elapsed since they
and the others had parted company. My sig-
zag path had cost my followers many a bewil-
dering pause.

But they had not ridden recklessly as I, and
could find their way back. As it was impos-
sible to tell in what direction Rube and Garey
had gone, this course was the best to be fol-
lowed; and under the guidance of Stanfield, an
expert woodman, we commenced returning to
the prairie. It was not necessary to follow
back our own crooked trail. The Kentuckian
had noted the "lay" of the chaparral, and led
us out of its labyrinthine by an almost direct
path.

On reaching the open prairie, we made no
halt; but upon the tracks of Rube, Garey, and
the steed, once more entered the chaparral.

We had no difficulty about our course; it
was plainly traced out for us; the trappers had
"blazed" it. In most places, the tracks of the
three horses were sufficient indices of the route;
but there were stretches where the ground was
stony, and upon the parched arid herbage, even
the shod hoof left no visible mark. In such
places, a branch of acacia broken and pendu-
lous, the bent flower-stem of an alce or the
succulent leaves of the cactus slashed with a
sharp knife, were conspicuous and unmistakable
signs; and by the guidance of these we made
rapid advance.

We must have gone much faster than the
trackers themselves—for notwithstanding the
freshness of the trail, there were dry spots and
patches of cut rock over which it passed, and
where it must have cost both time and keen
perception to trace it.

As we were travelling so much more rapidly
than Rube and Garey could have done, I look-
ed forward to our soon overtaking them; with
eager anticipation, I looked forward. Surely
they would have some news for me, now that
they had been so long in the advance? Surely
by this time they must have come in sight of
the steed!—perhaps captured him? Oh, joyous
anticipation!

Or would they return with a different tale?
Was I to meet the report that he still hurried
on—on forever? That he had swum some

rapid stream? or plunged over a precipice—
into some dark abyss?

Though hastening on after the trackers, there
were moments when I feared to overtake them—
moments when I dreaded to hear their tale!

We had worked our way about five miles
through the hideous jungle, when I began to
feel a strange sensation in my eyes—a sensa-
tion of pain—what is usually termed a "smart-
ing." I at first attributed it to the want of
sleep. My companions, complained that they
were affected in a similar manner.

It was not until we had gone some distance
farther, that we found the true explanation, by
perceiving that there was smoke upon the air!
Smoke it was that was causing the bitterness in
our eyes.

The denizen of the prairie never regards
such an indication with indifference. Where
there is smoke, there is fire, and where fire,
danger—at least upon the broad grassy steppes
of the west. A burning forest may be shunned.
You may stand near to the forest on fire, and
contemplate such a scene with safety; but a
blazing prairie is a phenomenon of a different
character; and it is indeed a rare position
where you may view, without peril, this sublime
spectacle.

There are prairies that will not burn. The
plains covered with the short "buffalo-grass"
(*sceleria dactyloides*), and the sward of various
species of "gramma" (*chondrosium*), rarely
take fire; or if they do, horse, man, buffalo, or
antelope, can easily escape by leaping across
the blaze. 'Tis only the reptile world—snakes,
lizards, the toad, and the land-turtle (*terrapis*)
—that fall victims to such a flame.

Not so upon the "weed-prairies," or those
where the tall reed-grass rises above the withers
of a horse—its culms matted and laced to-
gether by the trailing stems of various species
of bindweed, by creeping convolvulus, cucur-
bitaceae, and wild pea-vines. In the dry season,
when a fire lays its hold upon vegetation of this
character, there is danger indeed—where it
rages, there is death.

It was smoke that affected our eyes, causing
them to smart and water. Fire must be causing
the smoke—what was on fire? I could
detect apprehension in the looks of my follow-
ers, as we rode on. It was but slight, for as
yet the smoke was scarcely perceptible, and the
fire, wherever it was, must be distant—so
fancied we.

As we advanced, the glances of the men be-
came more uneasy. Beyond a doubt, the
smoke was thickening around us—the sky was
fast becoming darker, and the pain in our eyes
more acute.

"The woods are on fire," said Stanfield.

Stanfield was a backwoodsman—his thoughts
ran upon "woods."

Whether forest or prairie, a conflagration was
certainly raging. It might be far off, for the
wind will carry the smoke of a prairie-fire a
long distance; but I had an unpleasant suspi-
cion that it was not distant. I noticed dropp-
ing around us the white floc of burnt leaves,
and from the intense bitterness of the smoke,
I reasoned that it could not have floated far—
its gases were not yet dissipated.

It was not the distance of the fire that so
much troubled me, as its direction. The wind
blew right in our teeth, and the smoke was
travelling with the wind. The conflagration
must be ahead—directly upon the trail.

The smoke grew thicker and thicker ahead,
the sky appeared slashed with

Wit and Humor.

AN EXAMINATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Class in Natural History: Take your places.
Subject of to-day's lesson?
Answer: The Young American.
Question: Where is this animal found?
Answer: In Upperpond.
Question: Can it exist in any but its native air?
Answer: It cannot thrive, except where civilization is overgrown.
Question: To what other species is it nearly allied?
Answer: The monkey.
Question: Which most resembles man?
Answer: Some naturalists place the Young American next to man, but by most it is considered inferior to the monkey.
Question: Describe the Young American.
Answer: Body and limbs exceedingly slight—head small and very erect, being light—the coat smooth and glittering in spots with the brilliancy of gold or gems—eyes usually mild and gentle in expression, though when the animal is roused, they are capable of a furious glare. A striking peculiarity is the long fur or hair, which, with some, quite covers the face, with others, all but a narrow space below the eyes. Forehead low—teeth small, sharp, and very white.

Question: Is the Young American dangerous?
Answer: Sometimes threatening, but seldom dangerous. They retreat at once when attacked by man. The kind called Fortune Hunters should, however, be excepted. They are keener-scented and cunning, stealthy in the pursuit of prey, and cruel to their victims.

Question: On what does the Young American subsist?
Answer: On "father's money"—a substance well known in Upperpond.

Question: Has the Young American anything like the power of speech?
Answer: When irritated, it gives utterance to a low sound, like "demd bore," or sometimes "kusid bore," but is usually quiet.

Question: Can this creature be made useful to man in any way?
Answer: Some attempts to train him for usefulness have been made, but in vain—they have always resulted in a loss of individuality, and have, therefore, been abandoned. Yet it is valued as a pet by ladies, who are often fond of the creature as a companion in their walks, and they even give it a place in their drawing-rooms; merely as a plaything, however, as it is of no use where protection is needed. Still, the Young American fills a place in Upperpond which no other animal in the known world would occupy.

Question: Then what appears to be the object of its existence, if it cannot be rendered useful?
Answer: The object of its existence is yet to be discovered, although as we are taught that nothing is done in vain, there is doubtless a design in the existence of the Young American.

Question: Is the Young American ever confounded with the True American?
Answer: Never. The True American is quite a distinct species, and is not found in Upperpond.

Perfect lessons. The class may be seated.—Knickerbocker.

GETTING AT THE TRUTH.

Small Joe L. was playing one sunny morning in a yard at the rear of his residence, when, essaying to cast a stone high in air, he found he had miscalculated his strength, or the weight of the stone, as that missile slipped from his fingers, and taking an entirely different direction from that intended, went whizzing through a pane of glass in a neighbor's window. Mrs. Connolly, who was engaged in washing in the kitchen, hearing the smash of glass in her spare room, rushed hastily to the scene of action, and through the broken pane beheld Joe in active retreat.irate and indignant, the injured matron sought the presence of Mrs. L., and straight poured forth the story of her wrongs. Mrs. L. assumed a dignified air; the culprit was called to "the presence," and the inquest on the departed pane commenced. "Joseph," said Mrs. L., with awful solemnity, "did you break the glass in Mrs. Connolly's window?" "Yes'm," replied Joe, with promptitude. "Joseph," said Mrs. L., "if you broke that pane of glass I shall certainly correct you; did you break it, air?" Joe hesitated, but conscience was powerful, and he replied that he did. Mrs. L. took a stick from the mantel-piece. "Joseph," said she, "if you broke that glass, I shall correct you most severely; I ask again, did you break it?" Joe looked at his mother; he looked at the stick; and hanging his head, he murmured: "No, ma'am." "There!" said Mrs. L., triumphantly, "that boy never told me a lie in his life. I know'd he never broke no window; 'spect your little Guster broke it; she hove a stone clear over our fence yesterday." That's a good style of encouraging truthfulness in a child, we don't think!—Knickerbocker.

NATIONAL TRAITS.—It is said that a dispute once arose between three noblemen—one Irish, one Scotch, and the other English—as to the respective traits of their countrymen. It was respectfully claimed that the Irish were the most witty, the Scotch the most cunning, and the English the most frank. The three agreed to decide the matter by walking out into the streets of London, and asking the first one they met, of each nation, what he would take to stand watch all night in the tower of St. Paul's Church. The first one who came along was Johnny Bull, and he was accosted thus: "What will you take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?" "I should not want to do it short of a guinea," was his frank reply.

The next one thus accosted was a Scotchman. He replied with his native cunning: "And what will you give?"

Lastly came along Patrick, and when asked what he would take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's, he wittily answered:

"An' shure, an' I think I should take a cowl."



MISTRESS.—"Why, nurse—what a terrible disturbance! Pray, what is the matter?"

NURSE (addicted to Pen and Ink).—"Oh, mum, it's dreadful! Here's neither me nor Mary can't answer none of our letters for the racket!"

A VERY LARGE SNAKE STORY.

"I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent the most of last year. I don't know why, but I was continually watching them and testing their sagacity, by placing them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds, I experimented most with rattlesnakes and copperheads. One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read—for I always had a book or newspaper with me—and had been enjoying myself for some time, when I espied a copperhead making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and cigar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred, the rascal made a rush for the hole! but I caught his tail as he got nearly in, and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded to let him try his hole again. After a while he started for it, stopping, when I stirred, to coil himself up; but I kept pretty quiet, and he recovered confidence and went in. Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he hit the ground than he made a grand rush for the hole in a straight line for my legs! But that didn't work, for I got out of the way, and gave him another fling! This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped and wiggled his tale, as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so; and quicker than a flash he drew his head out, and came within a quarter of an inch of striking me in the face. However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out for him next time. Well, he tried the same game again, but it wouldn't work—I was too quick for him. This time he lay in a coil half an hour without moving. At last he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then, by heavens! the start of me by one of the cutest tricks you ever heard of."

"How was that?" we all exclaimed in one breath.

"Why," said the narrator, sinking his voice to the same of solemnity, and looking as honest and sober as a man could look, "why, he just turned his head toward my hand, and went down that hole tail first!"

WE ARE THE DEAD.—The Marshal Castellon ordered a sham fight recently to be executed by his troops, at mid-day, in a field near Lyons. The day was excruciatingly warm, and the marshal perceiving two grenadiers, overcome by the heat and fatigue, reclining leisurely on the grass under the shelter of a hedge, galloped towards them and commenced railing them severely. "Faineants! why are you here? While your comrades are fighting you are asleep! You do nothing!" "Pardon, marshal," replied one of the grenadiers, "we are the dead" (nous faisons les morts!). The marshal smiled and retired without further parley.

BETTER THAN THAT.—Talking of Sidney Smith's cool idea of "taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones," as being the highest imaginable degree of airy comfort now-a-days—"I can better that," said Covertop.

"Impossible! How?"

"Why," said Covertop, gravely, "I'd knock the marrow out and have a draft through."

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.—An "ardent youth," being discovered by an enraged sire, making love to his daughter, thus describes the effect of the meeting:

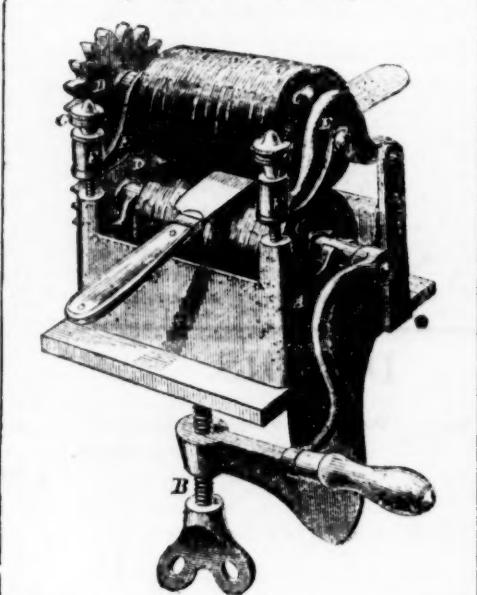
Down on my head his cursed case
Descended—blow me! here the stars
In whirling systems through my brain,
Wheeling their red cars!

UNPLEASANT RECEPTION.—"Bill, did you ever go to sea?" "I guess I did. Last year, for instance, I went to see a red-headed girl; but I only called once." "Why so?" "Because her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing bootjacks and smoothing irons at people."

ROTARY KNIFE CLEANER.

The accompanying engraving illustrates an admirable improvement in machines for scouring and polishing metal cutlery.

A represents a cast iron frame (embracing the trough for holding the polishing-powder) to be secured to a table by the set-screw, B. C C are the revolving rollers, formed of a series of wooden disks on a shaft, forced and confined compactly together and arranged over each other, one in and the other above the trough. These rollers are driven by cog-gearing, D D, which is set in motion by a crank on the shaft of the lower roller, as shown. E are hinged levers, having bearings which serve as journals for the shaft of the upper roller. F F are India rubber springs, by which a yielding pressure is obtained, accommodating itself to the various thickness of knives, without resort to the set-screws. G G, which are mainly designed to compensate for any wear that may take place in the



rollers. In order to scour a knife with this machine, it is only necessary to fill the trough with some suitable cleansing material.

Having dipped the knife in water, or soap suds, (which is preferable,) place it between the rollers as shown; and then set the rollers in motion by turning the crank; the knife, of course, must be moved back and forth from point to heel as the rollers revolve.

By this machine both sides of the knife are scoured at once, as the lower roller in revolving absorbs the powder, or cleansing material, and feeds it to the upper roller, and both act upon the knife with like effect—all stains and marks are removed, and the knives are polished to look as well as new cutlery.

A patent was issued for this machine to Morris & Newton, on Dec. 4, 1855, and it has been improved recently by James Wilcox, of Philadelphia, to whom communications for further information should be addressed. See also his advertisement on another page.

BWARE OF GREEN DRESSES.—Five seamstresses who were employed lately in making a dress in haste for a lady of Paris, were suddenly taken ill. The medical man who was called in, gave his opinion that they were poisoned. With some inquiry into the matter, it was discovered that the dress of green gauze upon which they had all been employed, was colored with a preparation of arsenical copper. It was so decided after an analysis by a chemist, and a report was accordingly published in the Journal of Chemistry, from which we translate it. The report adds that Madame S., the dressmaker who gave out the work, was poisoned under her nails, and that she had a severe inflammation of the nostrils. The clerks of the shop where the gauze was sold were also more or less ill, and the chemist gives his opinion that from the great facility with which the green powder detaches itself from the stuff, it is very dangerous in a ball-room—easily impregnating the air with arsenic, and poisoning all who came in contact with it.—Home Journal.

FRIGHTENING THE ECLIPSE.—A traveller in Persia says, "One night there was an eclipse of the moon, and all the pots, pans, and other sonorous instruments that could be found in Ghelaan, were in requisition to frighten away the beast which was supposed to be devouring the planet. A great deal of gunpowder was also expended, and one might easily have imagined that the town was attacked. Presently our cook, Ismael, commenced a tremendous assault upon a large sauceman, and the other servants discharged their pistols and rifles, much to the assistance of the good cause. At last, after having continued this din for upwards of two hours, the inhabitants retired to rest triumphant, as the beast was effectually alarmed, and had left the moon precisely as he had found it, and round and bright as ever."

Agricultural.

CLOVER AND OTHER GRASSES FOR HAY.

Many farmers entertain a strong prejudice against clover hay, especially for horses, believing that when fed to them for any considerable length of time it produces cough, and tends to heaves, &c. We presume the prejudice alluded to, among a portion of our farmers and others, is co-extensive with our country, or at least as far and wide as red clover is grown, and horses are kept and stabled; for in August, 1852, Mr. Ewbank, then Commissioner of Patents, issued printed circulars to almost every section of the Union, propounding a series of questions on rural matters. One of those questions was: "Does your experience show that red clover is injurious to horses?" By referring to the "Patent Office Report" for 1852-3, we find some twenty-five or more responses to the above query. These answers were from a great number of different States, and as was to be expected, the several respondents or writers, differed much in their opinions in regard to the good or bad qualities of red clover hay as feed for horses; but a large majority of the responses to Mr. Ewbank's question, were in favor of clover hay as a dry forage for horses, providing it is cut at the right time, and properly cured and housed.

For many years we have kept horses almost exclusively on clover hay through our long winters, and if the clover was cut when about one-half the blossoms had turned brown, and the hay mostly cured in the cock in good weather, so as to retain most of its leaves and heads, and green appearance, we have never known it to produce either cough or heaves. We know of no reason why it should produce a cough in horses, any more than red top or herds grass.

Clover when cut early for hay, as it generally should be, from its succulence, if not well dried before being carried to the barn in large quantities, is very liable to *heat* in the mow, or on the scaffold; this process produces some injurious chemical changes in the hay. The starch, sugar, gum, &c., first assume the vinous fermentation, producing a saccharine quality in the hay. If the change here arrested, no bad results would follow, the nutritive and healthy quality of the hay would not be lessened—but generally the vinous runs into the acetous fermentation—this is followed by soreness, mouldiness, and dust. Such musty hay, when fed to horses, when made from clover or any other kind of grasses, would be very likely to produce a stubborn cough, frequently ending in the heaves. It is no wonder that some farmers have a prejudice against clover hay. What would be the value of the medicinal herbs annually garnered up, (while in blossom) by the careful housewife, if suffered to heat and ferment, as is often the case with clover hay?

In making hay from clover, we have for many years practised the following method: In good bright weather, commence mowing as soon as the dew is off; let it remain in the swath till three or four o'clock, afternoon, then with the fork take the swaths up in flakes, and put up cocks that will average about 50 pounds of dried hay. The cocks remain untouched for twenty-four hours, then they are carefully pitched over in flakes, and two cocks are put in one; from nine to ten o'clock the third day they are opened, and if the weather has been fair, the hay will be in good order to get in after dinner, without any liability to heat. Though we generally sprinkle a few quarts of salt to each load as stowed away. This is as short a time as clover can be made by cutting, spreading, turning, raking open, &c., as is practised by many farmers. By the above process, most of the leaves and heads are left in the field, while by making mostly in the cock, the leaves and heads are principally retained, and the whole mass retains its color and its clover odor, and horses, cattle, and sheep eat it with avidity. It is true we cannot always be sure of three good days in succession, and in case of rain, "hay caps" come into profitable use, not only in protecting clover, but other kinds of hay.

In regard to the proper time for cutting grass for hay, farmers differ widely in their views, and we have read almost angry discussions in some of the agricultural papers upon this question—some advocating the cutting of the grass when in blossom; others, when the seed was fully in the milk; while others contend as stoutly, that the seeds of herds and other grasses should be fully matured before cutting them for hay. Without attempting to decide this question, and many similar ones, we have generally thought it about as safe to take a

middle course between extremes. However, there seem to be many reasons why grass should be cut for hay before the seeds are fully ripened, and there are good reasons why it should not be cut too early in its growth.

With the present scarcity and high price of labor in many sections of the country, we would recommend to farmers to commence haying as early as their first ripening grasses will allow, and to follow up the business of haying as fast as circumstances will allow, believing there is more grass mown too late, rather than too early in the season.

Very much may sometimes be saved to the farmer in having a supply of stout cotton cloth hay caps on hand; there is no theory about this, it is simply matter of fact, to which "we are clear to give our faith." They are not only useful in protecting hay from rain, but are also very convenient for capping stacks of grain in the field, and field beans, where they are stocked in the field. They are easily put on the stacks when there is an appearance of rain, and as easily removed in fair weather—their removal gives the sun and air a chance to very much expedite the drying process.—Country Gentleman.

SADDLE AND ROAD HORSES.

I should think it must be a matter of surprise to every one, as it is to me, to see the numbers of persons we do, using horses for purposes to which they are neither by their shape or make, action, or other attributes, at all fitted. For instance, a horse carrying a saddle badly from formation, and partly from the same formation being inclined to lean forward and downward in going, may have still good knee action. In this case his propensity to lean forward is a recommendation to him for harness; it draws the carriage after him. It is a well-known fact that a cart horse, unable to move a load, will often, if a couple of men get on him and sit pretty close to his shoulders, move it directly. It is something like this with a horse leaning on the bit if ridden, and inclined (from make) to lean forward altogether. Such an animal can by no possibility be pleasant to ride, but may be capital in harness, to which he should be kept. Now, a horse "well on his haunches" is diametrically the reverse. He will, in a general way, be extremely pleasant to ride. But this will not be found advantageous to him in harness, but the reverse.

The being thus thrown on his haunches would affect him something like the two men I have instanced as sitting on the cart horse's back would affect him. If instead of sitting as much as possible on his shoulders, they were to sit close to his tail, they would thus act prejudicially, rather than otherwise, to his efforts; they would weigh down his haunches, thus inclining his foreparts to elevate themselves.—This is something similar to a horse being well on his haunches, and consequently, anything but advantageous to his draught. It used to be a universal complaint that putting horses in harness spoiled them for saddle-horses, giving them an inclination to lean forward, as if still leaning on the collar. The objection was a correct one. In those days the roads were heavy, and, if mended, were mended with loose gravel, that took a long time before it would bind and get to anything like a firm state; consequently horses were obliged to thus lean forward to get the load along.

Now, when coaching was in vogue, old riding horses and hunters were constantly seen in coaches. Such horses did very well over light, flat, galloping ground; here their breed and blood told. But on hilly, heavy stages, a very different animal was used and required; here a thick-shouldered, close knit horse was necessary, one that would stick to his collar, lean to his work, and thus lug a coach up hill or through heavy ground.

I am not so fastidious as to object to all horses that are not as symmetrical made; I merely wish a horse to be so made, have such action and attributes, as fit him for the purpose for which he is intended.—HARRY HICKOVER, in London Field.

SALT FOR PLUM TREES.—It is now almost impossible to cultivate any kind of plums in this climate, unless salt enters liberally as an ingredient into the compost applied to them. When this article is used in conjunction with house ashes, there appears rarely to be much difficulty in producing good and healthy trees, which ultimately prove highly productive of fair and well-developed fruit. When trees are set in situations in which the application of compost is not feasible, or where it would subject the operator to considerable fatigue or expense, salt, in its crude state, may be applied; or it may be dissolved and poured around the roots. If plum trees were carefully washed down once or twice a year in a weakish lye, and supplied with two or three quarts each of salt—care being taken to retain the soil around their roots light and free from weeds, we should hear far fewer complaints of want of success in this department of pomological enterprise. No fruit commands a more ready sale, or a higher price in the market. Good plums are at present so scarce as to render them a luxury, and those who have valuable trees in good bearing, are realizing a heavy profit from them. Let those who have trees profit by the above suggestions; they indicate the only legitimate course to be pursued.—N. E. Farmer.

HOW TO MANURE TREES IN GRASS LANDS.—Very few persons manure trees growing in sod or grass land, is a judicious or economical manner. The general practice is to dig the manure in, within a diameter of six feet, leaving the body of the tree. The tree takes its food from the young rootlets, whose mouths extend just as far as on every side, as the branches of the tree; hence, this manure applied close to the body of the tree, is not where the roots take it up, and of course but little of its value is absorbed by the tree. If you doubt it, just try the experiment on two trees. Serve the one as above named, and the other as follows, viz.—Make a circle around the tree, having for its outline the exact radius formed by the overhanging branches; dig on the inner side of this circle a trench two feet wide, and one foot deep; mix well rotted manure, half and half, with the best of the soil, or the earth dug out of the trench, and fill the trench with it; then replace the turf, and wheel away the refuse, or extra earth; rake clean and smooth. You will have a good growth of tree, your fruit larger and more fair, and no unsightly or unnatural hillock or mound around the body of the tree.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 10, 3, 19, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 20, 23, 25, 29, was a British General in the American Revolution.
My 5, 28, 32, 41, 42, was an American naval commander in the last war with Great Britain.
My 1, 6, 10, 17, 34, 11, 30, was a battle-ground in the American Revolution.
My 4, 26, 9, 25, 31, 34, 27, 27, was a British General in the American Revolution.
My 6, 9, 14, 17, 28, 31, 34, 29, 30, was a battle-ground in the American Revolution.
My 12, 16, 20, 7, 22, 31, 21, 9, 22, 23, was a battle-ground in the last war with Great Britain.
My 2, 36, 9, 13, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 18, 21, 30, 11, 6, was a British General in the American Revolution.
My 15, 28, 14, 17, 34, 11, 30, was a British General in the American Revolution.
My 24, 5, 9, 22, 27, 25, 30, 31, was a British General in the American Revolution.
My 24, 31, 37, 42, 14, 17, 22, 34, 11, 30, was a battle-field in the American Revolution.
My whole was a daring military exploit.

GAHMEW.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 9, 20, 30, 11, 25, was a goddess of silence.
My 5, 7, 13, 21, 23, 9, was the mother of the stars and winds.
My 25, 3, 15, 5, was a nuptial goddess.
My 13, 3, 16, 14, 6, 9, was a title of Juno.
My 4, 28, 20, 5, was a daughter of Atlas.
My 10, 12, 6, 14, 28, was a tutelary goddess to infants.
My 19, 13, 20, 17, 6, was the companion of Diana when young.
My 2, 3, 20, 21, 3, was drowned in crossing the Pontus.
My 8, 23, 22, 12, 21, 5, was the walking-staff of Sile-nus.
My 15, 3, 13, 27, 15, 20, 25, was a goddess of the woods.
My 22, 5, 11, 7, 9, was one of the names of Cybele.
My whole live, within the past few months, engaged the minds of a great many scientific men.

L. A. M.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 2, 7, 9, 21, 20, 15, is a great river.
My 8, 5, 22, is a wild animal.
My 6, 8, 14, 17, 20, 20, is a famous battle-field.
My 10, 17, 30, 12, 3, 8, is a country in Europe.
My 21, 4, 22, 28, is a shell-fish.
My 11, 3, 5, 21, 6, is a kitchen requisite.
My 19, 16, 5, 17, 30, is a musical instrument.
My 13, 17, 15, 12, was a queen of England.
My 21, 19, 5, 8, 22, 10, is a state of Greece.
My 2, 30, 6, 21, 19, 7, 8, was a famous warrior.
My 22, 2, 7, 15, 9, 12, 8, is one of the elements.
My 11, 20, 7, 22, 2, is what man has, but cannot retain.
My whole is one of the great luxuries of the age.

F. E. D. O.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 11, 30, 19, 18, is the name of a female.
My 17, 6, 8, is a passive pronoun.
My 14, 11, 2, is a very useful organ to man.
My 20, 21, 15, 14, is a devoted cry.
My 7, 22, 25, 4, 9, is the name of a general who fought in the Mexican war.
My 8, 11, 22, 18, 18, 19, 11, is the name of a general who fought in the Mexican war.
My 13, 14, 25, 3, 13, 14, is the name of a male.
My 19, 3, 7, 5, 24, 11, is one of the political divisions of the globe.
My 24, 5, 21, 24, is one of the United States.
My 16, 6, 11, 10, 15, is the name of a head-dress or crown.
My 21, 22, 14, 10, is a wild beast.
My 8, 19, 12, is what we never can be guilty of.
My whole is a proverb.

C. L. D.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is when the flowers spring,
In beauty bright arrayed,
And the birds their matins sing
In building wood and glade.

My second's where the flowers grow,
And the waving golden grain,
And where the warblers often go
To carol forth their strain.

My whole's a pleasant town, I ween,
A State's metropolis,
On a lovely river it may be seen,
Not very far from this.

T. E. WOODS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a dwelling,
My second's a weight;
My whole is a product
Whose sale's a very great.

ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first may be seen either on or under a table.
My second is a grain.
My third and fourth may be either a blessing or a curse.

My whole is one of the United States.
Clinton Co.

J. M. H. Jr.

ANAGRAMS

ON COUNTIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a angle.	No Rome.
East cow.	O negro.
Sea cow.	No Shute.
An Ogre.	Lo nag.
All bear me.	A shed.
Ran Hild.	Won hart.
U Rob fate.	Ne'er claw.
As mind O.	Ye lash.
Or a cold O.	As nest.
An red son.	Noram I.

COVINGTON.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a circle of 85 rods diameter, there is inscribed a trapezium, three sides of which are 65, 75 and 21 rods. Required the remaining side?

CONUNDRUM.

[?] Why is a lawyer like a man who passes sleepless nights? Ans.—Because he lies first on one side and then on the other, and is "wide awake" the whole time.
[?] Why is it impossible for cattle keepers to be good soldiers? Ans.—Because they are all cowards (cowsards).
[?] Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Ans.—Because it is going to light.
[?] Why is a sword that is too brittle like an ill-natured and passionate man? Ans.—Because it is snappish and ill-tempered.
[?] Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Ans.—Because it makes men mean.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Arthur Wallensley, Duke of Wellington. POETICAL ENIGMA.—Elizabeth Graeme Ferguson. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Heavy Wadsworth Longfellow, Professor at Harvard College. CHARADE.—Shadow (Shad-ah) CHA-RADE.—Wine-Glass. RIDDLE.—Wright. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—65 perches.